

The Silent Worker

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The Destiny of Richard Brooke

By GUIE LEO DELIGLIO

I OFFER no excuse for writing this story of Richard Brooke. I recount it merely to show how our lives can be changed at any moment by the hand of destiny. No matter what our past has been, or what the present is, the future may be vastly different from anything we have yet experienced.

The birth of Richard Brooke occurred twenty-seven years ago in the poorer section of a large city. It was the influence of his environments, more than his own fault, that he grew up as tough as the rest of the boys in his district. He was fifteen when he finished the grammar school he was required to attend, but only fourteen when the gang he belonged to appointed him assistant leader to the famous "Terror" O'Burke.

What use is there of dwelling upon the first seventeen years of Richard's life? We can well imagine the poverty and degeneration he went through in those days. Before he was eighteen he participated in the robbery of a cigar store, and spent the next two years in the state reformatory for this crime. It is needless to say that this confinement failed to reform him. If anything, it served to hasten his downfall.

The three years following his release were spent in robbing the homes of the middle-class families in the city. It was not long before he found this nefarious trade profitable, for his appearance as a pleasant looking young man, apparently a clerk in one of the stores saved him many times from arousing suspicion upon himself when he was found near the scene of the robbery.

But no man can be a criminal long without paying for his misdeeds. As time went by, Richard became overconfident of his ability to fool the police. A slight mishap one night resulted in his arrest, and because of his record in the reformatory, he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Prison, it is said, either hardens or reforms its inmates. The warden of the institution where Richard was confined, was a man who believed in treating the convicts like human beings. It is probable that Richard would have changed for the better during his incarceration had not the hand of destiny interfered with the usual prison routine.

After Richard had been in the prison about a year, an outbreak occurred. Several of the long term convicts set fire to the prison workshop, and while the excitement was at its height, had tried to escape. The majority of the convicts, realizing the fairness of the warden, declined to go with them, and in a short time the rioters were subdued and disarmed. Two of the escapers were killed, and three short-term convicts and two guards were wounded.

Richard was one of the convicts who had been wounded. A blow in the head from one of his enemies had knocked him senseless. After two days he developed brain fever, and when he regained consciousness a week later, it was discovered that the blow and sickness had left him totally deaf.

The agony of a man finding himself deaf after living in the world of the hearing for twenty-five years cannot be expressed in mere words. During the next six months Richard would have preferred death in the electric chair to the blow that had befallen him at the hands of an escaping prisoner, one of the two who had been killed in the outbreak.

Both guards and convicts were kind to Richard during his suffering. When it was found that nothing could help

him hear the sound of human voices again, several of the prisoners, who knew the manual alphabet of the deaf, taught it to Richard. One of the guards called in a deaf-mute friend of his, and this man gave him lessons in the sign language.

The warden felt that Richard had, indeed, paid for his crimes, and eighteen months after entering the penitentiary, Richard received his pardon from the governor.

The silence of the world shocked Richard upon his return to the city. The clanging of the cars he could hear indistinctly, but the voices and noise of the bustling passers-by, not at all. For him there would never again be merry shouts of laughter, curses, or heart-breaking cries. Only the memory of the old city days lingered with him.

The hours of the first day of his release slowly dragged by. Richard's courage seemed to ooze from his body as he thought of the long years ahead of him that would pass as slowly. How could he stand to be without the companionship of his former friends and associates? Yet he could not return to his old haunts; for he well knew they would taunt and mock him in their coarse ways. He could not bear to be shunned and nicknamed "Deafy" for the rest of his life.

What was he to do now? The warden had given him the usual "good advice" he had given to hundreds of other convicts. "Get work, my boy," he had written. "Show the world you've got some good in you. Deafness is not the worst handicap in the world. If you keep away from bad company, you can make something of yourself yet."

Work? How could he get work? The warden seemed to forget that no one cared to employ a deaf man, especially one with his record. No, it was no use trying to go straight now. He'd lay low for a few days, find some place he could rob without help, and then beat it to another city before he was caught.

He bought an evening paper from a passing newsboy. Scanning the columns to see where he could obtain room and board until he found a profitable "job," his eyes suddenly fell upon the following ad:

Mrs. G. F. Cochran's refined boarding house for the deaf. Strangers in the city invited to make their home here as long as they stay. Rates reasonable. 615 East Ford Street.

Richard read the advertisement twice. He had never heard of a boarding house for the deaf before. He wondered how it would feel to live among the other deaf. Why not try it for a few days and see how similarly afflicted men made a living. They wouldn't be so suspicious of him, since he was also deaf. They were probably all simple-minded people with manners and intelligence as low as the inhabitants of Grogan's card room.

615 East Ford Street proved to be a large, comfortable looking rooming house. He wondered who would hear him ring the door bell. A hearing servant, probably. He was surprised to find his ring almost immediately answered by the sweetest-faced old lady he had ever seen. He was even more startled to find, when he started to speak, to her that she smiled and indicated she was a deaf-mute.

It was only a short time before he made his wants known

during his last three months in prison. He was glad they had taught this to him correctly, for he found it interesting to "talk" to this little old lady, whose name, he found, was Mrs. Breckenridge. She assisted Mrs. Cochran with the work.

"I hope you will like your room," she signed, leading the way to a large, airy room on the second floor. "Mr. Sewell left town yesterday, or we should have had to give you a smaller one on the third floor."

"This is the kind of a room I like," replied Richard, handing her a week's rent.

"Would you like dinner this evening? It will be ready in about half an hour."

"Yes, thank you. I will be down at that time."

When she left, Richard sat down in the large, chintz draped chair, reflecting over the occurrence of the last few minutes. What a change this was from the narrow cell he had occupied less than twenty-four hours before. Since the death of his parents he had never slept in a room as clean and dainty as this one. When he

The door of his room opened a trifle. Wondering who was intruding, he sprang up and flung it wide. The vision he saw in front of him caused him to utter a cry of astonishment.

Framed in the doorway was a young girl who looked scarcely more than a child. Her small face wore a look of carefree happiness, as if she found the world a good place in which to live. Her light brown hair fell in tiny ringlets against her cheeks, and her blue eyes sparkled with animation. She wore a simple one-piece dress. Over her arm were a couple of towels.

"Mrs. Breckenridge sent me up with these," she told him in signs, "She was afraid we had neglected to put clean towels in this room."

Richard could only stare at her. Was it possible that so beautiful a girl was deaf?

"Are you deaf, too?" he stammered aloud, forgetting everything but the desire to know if the joy of sound was denied a girl whose face shone with youth and buoyancy.

"Of course, I am deaf," she answered in signs, evidently reading the question he had uttered in his amazement. "We are all deaf here. You have not been deaf long, have you?"

"About six months. But how can you be so happy when you are deaf?"

The girl burst into a peal of laughter. "How funny you are! I thought all the deaf were happy."

"Have you been deaf long?"

"Since I was ten. I am twenty now."

"Ten years! Do you never miss hearing the sounds of the world around you?"

Again the girl looked as if she were about to laugh at his questions, but suddenly a look of compassion sprang into her eyes.

"You don't understand. You haven't got used to it as we have. I have almost forgotten how I felt the year after I lost my hearing through typhoid. I did not mean to be rude when I laughed. In time you will understand that we can be as happy as the hearing people."

"I wish I could think so. It is strange to be deaf. Are many deaf boarding here?"

"Only seven now. My aunt Gertrude, Mrs. Breckenridge, and I live here and do most of the work."

"Won't you tell me your name?"

"Oh, I forgot we haven't been introduced! I am Theodora Hastings. What is your name?"

"Richard Brooke." For a moment he was sorry he had used his own name. Suppose she should find out about him. How quickly she would draw back in horror if she knew of his past.

"This is my sign," she showed him. "What is yours?"

"I have none. I knew the deaf often used signs to indicate one another, but I have never gone with the deaf, and only met one before I came here."

"Let me give you a sign! Let's see," she tried B in various positions. "I have it. I'll put your B on your left shoulder. I don't know anyone with a B in that position. Don't forget!"

"Thank you. I will try to remember it."

"Oh, I forgot to give you these towels." The light in the room dimmed suddenly. "There's the signal for dinner. I will leave you to wash up and hurry down. The next signal will be in about five minutes."

Richard stood in the doorway and watched her trip gayly down the stairs until she disappeared.

Remembering the warning to hurry and wash for dinner, he turned back to the wash basin. The warm water refreshed him, but a queer feeling he could not define seemed to have crept over him. The deprivation of his hearing scarcely depressed him now. As soon as he grew used to the world of silence, it would probably not matter as much as he had believed. Yet, back of all his thoughts clung a feeling of vague uneasiness, as if he was unworthy to be rooming in this house.

The light in the room was dimmed again for a second. This, of course, was the signal for him to go down stairs to the dining room. Hoping no one would be there who recognized him, he made his way to the first floor.

Around the chairs in the long dining room he found a group of young people gathered. The three girls and four young men nodded to him gayly as he was introduced. But for the use of signs instead of speech, no one would have supposed the room was full of deaf-mutes. Neither did it appear like the other boarding houses he was accustomed to. Rather it seemed like a large family living together.

After the meal, the young folks returned to the living room. One of the girls started practising a piece of poetry in signs, helped occasionally by the other girls and two boys. The other two boys soon left the house to go calling on their girls as Theodora explained to Richard.

Soon after Mrs. Breckenridge and Mrs. Cochran came into the room. For a half hour Richard found himself in a tight corner trying to answer their questions without betraying his past life. As he had been deaf so short a time, the ladies did not inquire closely into his early history. Richard led them to believe he had lost his hearing during an attack of brain fever in one of the city hospitals.

"Are you working now?" asked Mrs. Breckenridge.

"No, I don't know any occupation suitable for a deaf-mute."

"Why, there are lots of things the deaf can do. When Mr. Dunn returns tonight, I will ask him if he can get you a place in the store with him. He is a book-keeper in one of our largest department stores. Theodora works there in the filing room."

"I should be glad to work there but I am to see a friend in the morning. Maybe he has a position open for me."

"Then it would be better for you to wait awhile and obtain the work you prefer."

For a long time that night Richard sat up in the chintz-covered chair. What kind of a place had he dropped into? In some ways it was a little like he had once imagined Heaven would be. The disquieting feeling still rested in his heart. Suppose they should find out who he was.

His thoughts turned to Theodora. What a wonderful girl she was! She was so different from the girls he once knew. He wondered if she was engaged to a deaf man, he hoped she wasn't. Gee, if she was only engaged to him! A flush of shame dyed his face as these thoughts passed through his mind. Theodora his sweetheart? Why, he wasn't worthy to touch her hand.

What of the future? Would it go on as he planned that afternoon on the street? No. Already he knew he could never return to the old life again. What satisfaction would he gain with the money a few robberies would bring him. The past had placed Theodora far beyond his reach, but he wasn't going to let her be ashamed of his life since he met her, if she ever happened to find out about the past. He would have to go to work.

He was up in plenty of time the next morning for the early breakfast. Mrs. Cochran wanted to put him up lunch as she did the rest of her boarders, but this he refused. He would get his lunch at some cafe until he obtained work.

Theodosa was on the porch when he left the house.

"Come and walk to town with me," she signed. In the morning sunlight she looked more charming than ever.

For a moment he hesitated. He could not believe it was his good fortune to walk along with her where everyone could see them together. In the old days he had often been hailed by both detectives and members of his own lawless profession. Suppose some one who knew him

"If you don't want anyone to know we are deaf, I won't sign as we go along," Theodosa interrupted his thoughts.

"It wasn't that," answered Richard quickly. To think she had mistaken his silence for shame to be seen with her!

They walked down the street signing and laughing together as though they had known each other for years. The people who gazed at them thought it was a shame that the tall, good-looking young man, and sweet-faced girl found it necessary to sign their love-making to each other. What a pity they were deaf!

Richard left Theodosa at the employees' entrance of the store. He was tempted to go in and ask for work, but the thought that some store detective would recognize him was strong.

He went on down the street until he came to the building that housed the Harrington Detective Agency. He paused a moment, but hastened up the steps before his courage failed him.

Harrington looked surprised when he appeared.

"What do you want?" he wrote.

"I want to know if you intend to set your store detectives on me if I try to get work at Lingard's Department Store."

"Real work, or do you mean another haul?"

At another time Richard would have felt angry at the detective's insolence. Now he felt only shame to know a man thought he had a right to bully him.

"I'm going to work," he answered. "I'm not going back to the old life again."

Harrington stared at him unbelievably. Sure?"

"I'm telling you the truth. What could I do among other crooks? Besides, I'm tired of the game. I want a chance to do something worth while. I know the old life doesn't pay."

"If I give you a chance at Lingard's, will you tell him who you are? He might fire you if he learned about you through some one else later."

"I didn't know he gave ex-cons a chance."

"He doesn't, as a rule. But I'll see he gives you your chance to make good if you'll stay straight."

"You will!" exclaimed Richard. He had hoped the detective would not interfere with him. He had not expected an offer to help him in securing a position.

"Where are you boarding now?" inquired Harrington.

"At Mrs. Cochran's boarding house for the deaf. I moved there last night."

"I know the place. A young cousin of mine lives there, Theodosa Hastings. Have you met her?"

There was no need of Richard answering. The sudden paling of his face betrayed him. There was no hope now that Theodosa could be kept in ignorance of his past life. Harrington would probably go at once to tell her, and warn her to be on her guard against him.

"I see you have," went on the detective. "What do you think of her?"

"She is the finest girl I have ever seen." Richard's words came slowly. It was impossible for him to hide the emotion he felt.

"I presume you told her all about yourself." The detective gave Richard a sharp glance as he watched him read the words.

"No, she knows nothing about me." Richard colored under Harrington's close scrutiny. "But you have nothing to fear from me while I am boarding there. Can't you trust me without her—and the rest—knowing what I've been?"

The other only gazed at him without answering. Finally he

took up the paper and wrote: "Are you in love with Theodosa?"

Richard looked startled when he read the question. In love with Theodosa? All at once he knew he was hopelessly in love, with no chance to ever ask her to marry him!

"Yes," he answered Harrington truthfully, "but you have no cause to be afraid. I won't ask her to marry me, or tell her of my love. I know as well as you do how unworthy I am for her."

"I think there will be no need of telling any one of your past except Mr. Lingard, especially if you make good. I will go along with you myself and see that you get the chance you want."

The next six weeks passed by Richard like a dream. The life he led in the old days seemed unreal to him now. He found the work at the store interesting, but not more so than the evening hours he spent in the wholesome company of the young boarders at Mrs. Cochran's. Almost every Saturday evening he attended a dance or social given by the Deaf-Mutes' League. He soon found the absence of music did not deprive him of knowledge of dancing, and with Theodosa in his arms, the happiness of his own thoughts was all the music he required.

The morning walks to the store were also pleasant. He found himself telling Theodosa some of the earlier incidents of his life. He could not bring himself up to tell her of his years in the reform school and penitentiary, though he often wished he could confess all to her and still retain her friendship. But the thought that she might turn from him caused him to remain silent.

His promise to Harrington he also found hard to keep. The longer he knew Theodosa, the more he grew to love her. Her actions, words, and nearness to him were all temptations to take her into arms. Only his sense of honor held him in check.

The following Saturday afternoon was a holiday at the store. Richard and Theodosa started off to the movies in high spirit. The street were crowded, so Richard scarcely felt the slight tug on his pocket as they walked along the street. Only when the crowd surrounded them, and two policemen stopped their progress, did he know that something out of ordinary had occurred.

The policeman explained in writing that Richard had been accused of picking a man's pocket half a block back. If he was innocent, would he not submit to being searched?

Of course. He was entirely innocent.

One of the policemen started to go through Richard's pockets. It did not take him long to find a fat-looking purse in his side pocket. A man sprang forward and claimed it as his own.

Richard was forced to accompany them to the police station. In spite of his pleadings that Theodosa return home, she refused to do so, and hurried along beside him.

Then followed the most despairing hour in Richard's life. It was easy for the police to discover his past record, his rogue photo, and his finger-prints. They called upon Theodosa to identify the photo, and from the whiteness of her face, he knew she had read all the information on the card. Though entirely innocent of this crime, he did not try to fight against the circumstantial evidence they found against him. What was the use of being free when the girl he loved turned against him?

They were about to take him away when detective Harrington came in. His face was red, and he was breathing hard. He hurried forward to the sergeant's desk, talking in spite of his shortness of breath.

Richard was again called forward. The desk sergeant handed him a slip of paper. He read:

"Harrington saw the robbery and recognized the thief. They are after him now. You're free to go. Sorry we had to bring you in."

Richard did not look at the sergeant, instead he turned to Harrington. His face was drawn, and his speech unsteady.

"Take Theodosa home," he said, trying to gain control of himself. "She's found it all out now, and perhaps it is just as well. Tell Mrs. Cochran I will be up for my trunk this evening."

Harrington caught him by the arm. "You are coming along, too," he wrote hastily. "Do you think I will let a man in your condition run the streets wild? We will settle it when we get back to the house. I've an auto waiting outside."

Silently Richard drove back to the boarding house with them. At the door of the vacant living-room Harrington left them. "Wait here for me," he motioned.

Five minutes of unbroken silence followed. Theodosa sat on the lounge with her hands clasped in her lap. Richard stood gazing out of the window.

Presently he felt some one was near him. Turning around he saw Theodosa beside him. The old light of laughter had gone out of her eyes. They were misty with unshed tears.

"Why didn't you tell me yourself?" she signed to him.

"How could I, when I knew it would make you hate me?"

"I do not hate you."

"No, perhaps not, but you despise me."

"Won't you tell me all about it now?"

She returned to the lounge and beckoned him to a seat beside her. Then Richard told her all he had omitted to tell her during their morning walks to the store. He also told her of his visit to Harrington, keeping back only his confession of love.

"You know now," he finished, "just what a fool I was to think I could live with decent people. I cannot offer any excuse for what I've done. Tonight I will leave."

"There is no need for you to go away. No one else will know. You said Mr. Lingard took you in spite of the past. Don't you think you should stay with him and make good?"

"You think I am fit to continue going with the deaf?"

"Why not? If others trust you enough to give you a chance, do you think we would turn against you? I was shocked this afternoon, for I couldn't understand. Now that I know, I feel only sorrow for what has happened. While coming home this afternoon Cousin Edward told me to let you explain, and, here a blush suffused her face, "he said you loved me."

"What! He told you that?" grasped Richard aloud.

"Yes. Is it true?"

Richard bowed his head. He felt he had no right to let her share his past disgrace. Yet with her as his wife, he knew there would be no stain upon his future record.

"I do love you," he told her simply. "But what right have I to ask for your love in return?"

The old light of happiness and buoyancy sprang into Theodosa's eyes. No other signs were needed to show that her love was as great as his.

Detective Harrington, his curiosity compelling him to see if all had gone well, found them in embrace.

REV. J. W. MICHAELS SOUTHERN MISSIONARY TO THE DEAF

Home and Foreign Field, the organ of the Southern Baptist Convention, in its November issue has a page devoted to the Southern missionary to the Deaf. Rev. J. W. Michaels, whose work in the South is comparable to that of the Rev. A. Mann, who traveled up and down the country between the Allegheny and the Mississippi north of the Ohio for years, ministering to the deaf. Also, like the Rev. Mann, the Southern Missionary is a deaf man. Rev. Michaels has as his field the entire South, a much wider field than that in which the Rev. Mann worked.

The article referred to is entitled "The Home Board's Ministry to the Deaf" and from it we quote the following:

"Did you ever stop to consider how much you would lose if you should be bereft of hearing and thus denied the privilege of listening to the voice of friends and loved ones, hymns and other favorite music, earnest gospel sermons and other spiritual appeals?

"There are approximately 36,000 such persons in the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention and though for fifteen years the Home Mission Board has been seeking to administer to their spiritual needs through the appoint-

ment of a missionary to the deaf, the inadequacy of this ministry can be readily recognized when the one general evangelist of the Board assigned to this character of work, Rev. J. W. Michaels, is compelled to serve the interests of this large number of people scattered throughout the principal towns and cities of the eighteen states comprising the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention.

"Sunday school classes for the deaf are organized in about forty of the leading cities and towns of the South, Brother Michaels reports, but he rightly feels that our deaf people are entitled to a larger ministry than this, as they are hungry for the gospel and a special spiritual service along many lines. Among the cities where classes for the deaf have been organized in the Baptist churches are Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk and Staunton, Va., Durham and Charlotte, N. C., Columbia and Greenville, S. C., Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville, Memphis, Knoxville and Bristol, Tenn., Little Rock, Fort Smith and Van Buren, Ark., Oklahoma City and Tulsa, Okla., Kansas City and Fulton, Mo., and Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Waco, Temple and Denton, Texas. In only two of these places do the leaders among the deaf receive any compensation for their services.

"Looking to a larger service of our deaf-mutes in the future Brother Michaels is engaged in the preparation of a lexicon of the sign language which he hopes to have published soon and adopted as a text book in the Baptist seminaries of the South in the hope that candidates for the ministry and other forms of Christian service will master the sign language and thus be prepared to serve deaf people wherever they find them, whether in the home or foreign fields, for the sign language is a universal language.

"Brother Michaels was not born deaf. When a lad of seven he contracted erysipelas in a Confederate hospital camp at Richmond, Va., and while convalescent contracted a cold. He believes this affected the drums of his ear and shortly after that when he returned home from an artillery practice—he had stood very near the cannon during the firing—he found that he could not hear his mother when she spoke to him, thus discovering for the first time that he was deaf. He believes the shock of the cannonading ruptured the drums of his ears.

"The future evangelist later attended the Virginia School for the Deaf, from which he graduated, and then took a three year course at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., after which he became an instructor in his alma mater. Sometime later he went to Arkansas as the principal of the State School for the Deaf and taught there 25 years, employing his spare time in ministering to the deaf people of his state in spiritual matters. Finally, he was persuaded God had called him to preach to the deaf and he was ordained to the ministry at Little Rock, the late Governor James P. Eale, also a Baptist minister, serving as moderator of the ordinary council.

"For the last fifteen years Brother Michaels has been employed by the Home Mission Board as a general evangelist to the deaf, a work to which he hopes to give the remainder of his years. He does not believe his work will ever attain the results it should nor be placed upon the most permanent and efficient basis until local workers have been employed by the local churches to carry on a ministry among the deaf in the long intervals that elapse between the visits of the South-wide evangelist."—The Hoosier.

REMINDS HER OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

I am much interested in the SILENT WORKER and I think it is the American Magazine for the Deaf as, in some respects, it reminds me of that splendid Crowell publication *The American Magazine*.
MISS EDITH S. BOGGS.

BREVARD, N. C.

The ARGONAUT

by J.W. HOWSON

LAMEDA COUNTY is the third most populous and wealthy county in California. Most of the county is contiguous to San Francisco Bay. The eastern portion of the county is mountainous and within these mountains lies one of the largest mountain valleys in the state. This is the Livermore Valley. Of no great height and practically level, this valley contains many thousand acres of fertile grain and orchard land. Some forty years ago a large portion of the valley was covered by the waving grain and vineyards growing on the ranches of the then State Senator Black. Senator Black was a wealthy man and he lived lavishly, without stint, so it was with no great surprise but with much regret by those who had known him that with the coming of his death this great fortune was swept away.

At about the same time Senator Black's son, Joseph, graduated from the state school for the deaf in Berkeley. Joe was thus thrown upon his own resources. Reared to the farm, familiar with the saddle and the lasso, and accustomed to cattle, he just naturally drifted into what made him a typical cowboy. He is without doubt the most representative example of that calling amongst the deaf of our country. Joe's brother-in-law was manager of Jim Hearst's vast ranges in Mexico and his brother held a somewhat similar position in Texas. It was decided that Mexico was too dangerous a locality for a young man who couldn't hear. So Joe went to Texas where he sur-



JOE BLACK was born to the saddle. Cattle ranges throughout the west, from Oklahoma to California, from Montana to Texas, have felt the tramping of his horses' hoofs. In addition he is an expert wielder of the lariat and in Texas he surprised the natives with the accuracy of his fifty and sixty yard throws.



JOSEPH FRENCH BLACK, cowboy. This will introduce you to perhaps the most representative deaf man in his calling. Though well along in the fifties, Joe is still to be found in the saddle and his rugged health gives silent testimony to the benefits of outdoor western life.

prised the natives with the accuracy of his arrows. Disdaining the fifteen foot lariats then in use, he shot fifty and sixty foot throws with remarkable accuracy at anything that remained still long enough for the lariat to travel that distance.

Then followed a long career on the cattle ranges of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and California, in fact throughout the west. For nearly forty years has Joe Black been in the saddle. Nature has dealt kindly with him and he seems equipped for many years more of rugged out-door life. For years his light colored hair remained unchanged by the ravages of time. Then by a freak of nature, one of those rare instances, it became white over-night. It was in Oklahoma some half-dozen years ago that this incident took place. A hurricane struck the tent in which he and his companions were passing the night. Their equipment was blown in all directions, a heavy frying-pan striking Mr. Black in the face with such a force that lock-jaw set in for a period of six hours. In the morning all were surprised to find that the force of the blow and the shock had turned his hair completely white.

Roping, tying and branding are not Joe Black's only specialties. He is a skilful cook and as such has worked with many United States geological parties on their surveying and exploring trips. Mr. Black is a pleasant man of pleasing address. He has none of the typical bowlegs and ferocious mein commonly associated with the cowboys of the western ranges.



JOE BLACK

Recently a man was shot and killed by a San Francisco policeman while in the act of attempting to commit a burglary. This would have attracted but little attention were it not for the fact that it was found upon investigation that the dead man left behind a widow and three motherless children. Public interest was heightened when it became known that the widow was deaf. Donations of food, clothing and shoes poured in upon the little woman and her children in the almost barren rooms in which they were huddled, until seemingly almost a year's supply was on hand. Nor was this all. Several thousand dollars was collected for the stricken family. I say stricken advisedly, for this young deaf woman was forced into marriage by relatives with this hearing man whom she did not love nor even respect.

On the same day there died in California an estimable woman well known in educational circles in the state. A decade or so ago this woman's son, himself prominent, departed for the east leaving behind a bride-to-be. The wedding gown was finished and the invitations were ready when out of the east there came the news that the young man in the case had married a young deaf woman, daughter of one of the wealthiest families in the middle west. She was a product of the oral method and carefully reared out of contact with others of her kind. It was skillfully arranged that if she was to marry anybody it would not be with a deaf man. Presumably she is happy, but we cannot help drawing a parallel between the young widow in her poverty stricken quarters and the wealthy wife surrounded by all that money can buy. For full conjugal happiness there must be complete community of interests. We know of cases where such similarity of interests does exist where one of the parties is hearing and the other deaf, but in general the fullest mede of happiness is given to those married couples in which both of the contracting parties are deaf.

* * *

Arthur Elston is dead. With his death, the deaf lose a potential friend of great influence. Charles and Arthur Elston were college-mates of "The Argonaut." Both were good finger spellers, having learned that art from James Johnson, of Yolo County, with whom they attended a small college in the interior of the state. Both of the brothers were quite athletic. Charles was captain of the baseball team of the University of California. Following his graduation he went to Hawaii. Here he married a wealthy young woman only to succumb to the vagaries of the climate.

Following his graduation, Arthur Elston was a school principal. He then became a private secretary to the governor of

the state. Later he was a lawyer and served for a time as a director of the California Institution for the Deaf and the Blind. Following his election to Congress he relinquished his position on the school board to one of his law partners. As a congressman he was a conscientious official. Placed in a position of great responsibilities he assumed burdens beyond his nature to bear. This probably resulted in the mental and physical breakdown, which caused him to take his life.

As a college boy, Arthur Elston did not manifest any unusual interest in the deaf nor was he disposed to make use of his knowledge of finger-spelling to engage in conversation with them. But as time passed, his understanding of humanity deepened and his interest in the deaf, mellowed by years of experience, perceptibly increased. To this "The Argonaut," who had occasion several times to consult Mr. Elston on matters concerning the deaf, can personally attest. He was easily approachable, sympathetic, and receptive to new ideas, and as time wore on he would no doubt have become a strong supporter and reliable friend of the deaf.

* * *

At this time of writing, half a dozen young men are busy plying hammer and saw at the new quarters of the Oakland Silent Athletic Club. The club is located at 14th and Webster Street at one of the prominent auto stage stations. Though still incomplete, the club staged a successful house-warming on New Year's Eve. If I am not mistaken this is the first club in the west to attempt to maintain quarters accessible day and night to its members. The membership roll is steadily growing, there now being about fifty members. The manager of the club is Meredith O'Brien; E. E. Vinson is the secretary.

* * *

Cards were received by many of the local deaf announcing a lecture to the deaf only by Mr. Arthur A. Sinclair, of Boston, Massachusetts, (a deaf mute himself). The lecture was to have been held in San Francisco, the admission to be free. Mr. Sinclair's advance agent, Joseph E. Donahue, was on the ground arranging details. For some reason Mr. Sinclair called off the lecture from Los Angeles, and Donahue departed for the southern city, though not before he had engaged some of the local deaf in a rather spirited debate. It appears that the pair are engaged in a stock selling scheme. No literature was distributed, but from Donahue's statements the company they rep-



JOE BLACK in regulation cow-boy regalia. This picture has been generally admired owing to the pose of the horse. It shows the sturdy type of animal necessary to carry its rider across creeks and shallow streams, through ravines and up the mountain slopes, the while maintaining a combination of speed and endurance necessary to the cow-boy's calling.

resent owns a number of patents and has or is to have a plant of 32 acres in New England. Now 32 acres would be a mighty small stock ranch in the west, but we opine that as a manufacturing plant it would be an enormously big venture to be financed by the deaf of this country. In fact, if Messrs. Sinclair's and Donahue's returns from the deaf has financed the cost of their tour, they have been fortunate, but it should prove a big overhead for the investors to shoulder as they will probably soon find out to their sorrow. It is too bad the lecture did

not come off as scheduled. Prominent local deaf would certainly have been on hand to impart their views to the audience, and I'll warrant the results would have caused the two promoters to give San Francisco a wide berth in the future.

Local deaf who met Mr. Donahue speak of him as an intelligent and well appearing young man, and pending receipt of literature which he has promised to forward, no exact statement can be made in regard to the project which he and Mr. Sinclair represent.

The Woman's Page

Edited by MRS. G. T. SANDERS

AN APOSTROPHE



ET thee gone,
Thou frump of months—
February!
Thou'st fickle and shabby and unkempt.
Thy winds blow two ways and thy weather is
Seven different kinds at once.
I've got a large, massive and bunged-up
Cold from thee. Not to mention
La grippe, tonsillitis, neuralgia, rheumatism
And that tired feeling.
Thou hast demanded
Galoches worn in thine honor and mine
Leak!
Get hence, then, thou meteorological sloven!
Out of this!
Scat!

It is probably not generally known that the deafness of Alexandra, Dowager Queen of England, was inherited from her mother, the Queen of Denmark, who, for many years, was totally deaf. The defect was also inherited by the Princess Maud. The defect is due to a throat malady—either relaxed muscles or swelling

ON BEING DEAF GRACEFULLY

To be handsomely and agreeably deaf is a very elegant accomplishment, fit to exercise social talents of a high order. The person who aspires to it must check in a considerable measure a deaf person's natural tendency to shun society and flock by himself. He must continue to mix with his fellows, and when he does so must in so far conceal his infirmity as to make it a cause for discomfort to none but himself. However little he hears he must never seem unduly desirous to hear more, or yet indifferent to what is being said. However impossible it may be for him to take part in conversation, he must neither permit himself to be bored nor to appear so. It is his business always to have the means of entertaining himself in his own head, so that while he continues in company his mind may be constantly and agreeably occupied, however little he may hear. In almost any company a deaf man to whom things have been said have to be repeated is a check to free discourse; a deaf man who is eager to hear and cannot is a discomforting sight; a deaf man who is bored and wishes himself elsewhere is a depressing influence; in either case he had better go elsewhere. The tolerable deaf man is one who, being in congenial company, can give pleasure by his mere presence, as he can take pleasure in merely having his friends about him. His thoughts must run, not on what he cannot hear, but on what he sees and feels, and upon the ideas that come into his own mind. A deaf man who is always able to entertain himself, and who is always glad and never overanxious to know what is going on about him, has reasonable grounds for believing that at least he

is not an incubus upon society. If to his negative accomplishments he can add the habit of having something worth hearing to say, *Scribner* says, he can even hope to be considered agreeable, and to have his society as welcome to ordinary selfish people as to the more benevolent.

Apocryphal of a discussion of freak mirrors a raconteur told this story: Burne-Jones, the famous painter, and a friend visited a side show to see a woman who had Leonardo Da Vinci's "The Last Supper" tattooed on her back. Five years later, Burne-Jones excitedly rushed into his friend's office crying: "That tattooed woman is in town again and I went to see her. She's grown fat now and all the apostles' faces are stretched into smiles!"

"I likes to give villingly. Ven I gives villingly, it enjoys me so much, I gives it again."

The joyous (?) season of gift-giving is now over. With the excitement dying out, one is inclined to speculate upon the spirit which speeded a gift upon its way. Was it willingly and happily dispatched, or was it sent as a matter of duty or necessity and with an anticipated return at some future date? There is such a condition as mental telepathy, an unwilling acceptance of a gift is probably the influence of the state of mind of the sender. To witness the hectic and indiscriminating, ill-judged buying of presents as the Christmas season draws to a close is sufficient to lead one to sober thinking and honest self-questioning. How willingly and freely have I given? Have I gladly given to my friends, the poor and the lonesome and helpless? In the good old times, Christmas was a truly happy season. Alas, times have changed and most of us with it—the world has become commercialized—much of our giving has become a matter of dollars and cents for value received. With the New Year, let us try to cultivate willing giving and by the end of the year be able to quote: "I likes to give villingly. Ven I gives villingly, it enjoys me so much, I gives it again."

*"May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."*

A LESSON IN COW

A class in French at a co-ed college was orally translating a story about a cow from French into English. One girl persistently called the cow "he" until the professor stopped her short and said: "He is she, miss; we milk her in the next sentence."—Everybody's.

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The Silent Worker Club

Edited by WARREN M. SMALTZ



ET us suppose that a superman from Mars should pay us a visit in the interest of Geanthrology, which is a Martian science dealing with the earth and its inhabitants. Quite likely he would devote some attention to our mundane newspapers. And probably he would become very sadly puzzled. For example, on the front page he might find an account of a disarmament conference, and right alongside in scarcely less glaring headlines would be the story of the launching of three new battleships, and the contemplated construction of six more, by nations even then represented in the conference.

Probably the Martian man-of-science would grow exceedingly weary in trying to determine just what these contradictions indicated. To obtain relief he would perhaps pick up another newspaper, and read with interest a full-column, front page account of the latest birth control agitation. Turning over a few pages he would find an impassioned editorial urging a return to the good old religion of our forefathers, and finally on the last page he would find (if his eyesight was very good) an inconspicuous paragraph relating the fact that the first act of Marshall Foch upon arriving in America was to go to church. Try to imagine the poor Martian's bewilderment, and the futility of his efforts to discover the national character.

Provided he were a man of unusual determination, he would make another last attempt. Taking hold of one more paper, he would triumphantly find a front page picture of Charles M. Schwab offering to sacrifice several million dollars worth of munitions-making machinery for the sake of the public welfare. How his face would fall to find right beside this a full column treating of a proposed strike of several thousand workmen in an essential industry!

In all probability he would hasten to the nearest aerodrome, and obtain accommodations on the first through express to Mars, stopping only long enough to purchase a copy of Shakespeare from a too optimistic news dealer. On his homeward journey he would have the leisure to translate such illuminating remarks as "What fools these mortals be!" And perhaps if his command of our language were not above mediocre, he would also translate with unsuspecting genius, "We are such stuff as nightmares are made of!"

Thoughtless people are often unable to see any good reason for becoming members of an Association, Society, or Club founded in the name of altruistic ideals. It seems sufficient to them that we are living in the much praised civilization of the Twentieth Century. And so they can see no necessity for the existence of organizations for the promulgation of humane standards of living and working. But civilization and humane institutions of society and government are not synonymous. It is a genuine misfortune that up to the present time no inspired genius should have written a history of humane progress. The nearest approach to such a work is Lecky's History of European Morals which serves however to forcefully show that to be human is not necessarily to be humane.

In spite of the remarkable culture of ancient Egypt and Babylon, those nations saw no harm or impropriety in enslaving the majority of their citizens. "The glory that

was Greece" produced Greek philosophy, art, and literature; and produced also the sternest kind of slavery, and practiced infanticide on an incredibly large scale. The citizen of the Roman empire, even during the "golden age" of Augustus, thought it altogether fitting and proper to throw his undesired children into the nearest sewer. Rare indeed was the family whose children numbered more than one son or daughter. The proud Roman who aspired to humane views abandoned his children in a deserted street instead of throwing them into the River Tiber. We can imagine that after having performed this casual duty he cheerily strolled into the Coliseum, arriving just in time to give the signal for the death of some ill-starred gladiator. Or perhaps he went into the Temple instead, impelled by vague pricks of his conscience, and there "worshipped" with unmentionable orgies of sensuality and lust. Yet this was the selfsame civilization which produced Virgil and Seneca. And it was in one of the out-lying provinces of this same Empire that the great Galilean was born.

If the Semitic races of mankind have not produced any of those proud intellectual fruits which distinguish the Indo-European races, nevertheless, they have the noble distinction of having given to the world the three most humane religions. There is no clearer illustration than this that intellectual culture and humane ideals do not necessarily go hand in hand. At a time when the known world had been permeated with the noble philosophies of Plato and the Stoics, it is significant that the first clear and uncompromising denunciation of slavery, infanticide, extortion, corruption, and social infamy should come from an unlettered Jewish peasant living in Nazareth of Galilee.

But we need not go back to the dim centuries of the past for our illustrations. Let us look at England as it was a hundred years ago. The same nineteenth century which witnessed such illustrious names as Gladstone, Darwin, and Spencer, saw also one of the most inhuman kinds of slavery the world has ever produced. It was the time of the rise of the factory in industry. From the records of a parliamentary investigation made in 1840 we read that children from the ages of four to twelve were working at machines in cotton mills twenty hours a day. They slept the remaining four hours on the floors of the factories. On Sundays they worked till eight o'clock at night cleaning the machines, etc. If the factory was sold, they were likewise transferred as a part of it. Human brutes armed with knotted leather thongs kept them at work by the sting of the lash. And just behind some of the factories there were flourishing cemeteries, the graves of which were levelled and unmarked, lest people should begin to think! Children were a great blessing, for they enabled parents to live in idleness. And the plea upon which all this was countenanced was formulated by the cultured William Pitt, who explained it was the only way to pay the expense of the wars arising out of the French Revolution. The children suffering slavery for the sins of the fathers!

But lest we delude ourselves into thinking that America was more humane, let us take a look at conditions nearer home. We find that the stern Puritan settlers of New England kept their children always busily at work, upon the plea that "the devil has work for idle hands to do." Readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin know what negro slavery meant in the South. The same period, which saw a

Lincoln, heard also a New England mill owner declare that he was eager to get white children "at any age I can get them, provided they are old enough to stand." That was in 1866. At this time some persons actually made it a business to procure and sell children to labor in factories. And the pathetic part of it is that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was in existence for years before the similar society for children was promulgated. The S. P. C. C. was not founded until 1875,—a bare forty-five years ago,—while the S. P. C. A. had been in existence for fifty years before that. Truly, "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

A diligent study of the history of mankind should convince even the most skeptical that intellectual culture and largeness of heart do not necessarily accompany each other. Some one has said that if culture were discontinued civilization would revert to barbarity within three generations. It is safe to say that it would not take even that long for the world to revert to its (not so very) ancient inhumanity, if the various influences now working toward greater charity and higher ethics were suddenly discontinued. He is indeed a poor student of history who would abolish organized religion. He is a fool who will not lend his name and aid to every altruistic association or movement he is able.

How stupid we would think that man who would wish to be a sculptor but refuse to study Greek art; or to be a poet and neglect Homer and Shakespeare! Yet we find some people who profess a desire to be moral, ethical, and spiritual, but claim to despise the Bible. The man whose experience extends no further than membership in an uplift club or the reading of "inspirational" books, has about as much chance of attaining spirituality as the poet has of achieving authorship by virtue of a membership card in a Browning Society.

The Bible is the world's "best seller," and unlike most books of that type it is a standard classic. Perhaps that is why it is usually found locked up securely in some one's library shelves, along with other expensive volumes bound in gilt and leather. The rural household is equally sure to possess one, thoughtfully placed where it will overcome the monotony of the polished top of the parlor table. There it generally lies undisturbed, and instead of fulfilling its mission to impart light to men, it merely exudes a faint aroma of camphor balls, solicitiously placed under its covers to discourage moths, who are the only likely things to digest it. If the Book is fortunate, it will receive a dusting twice a year during the semi-annual house cleaning periods.

It argues ill for the degree of culture of the average individual that the Bible is not read more frequently. Within its covers is contained a library in miniature. It comprises every type of literature,—history, philosophy, poetry, biography, fiction, and even an epic. And its literary excellence is unrivalled; it is at once the admiration and despair of every successive generation of writers. The reader who is not afflicted with a superstitious melancholy may even get a good laugh out of it quite frequently. For example in II Chronicles xvi:12 and 13 we find a delicious dig at doctors. We read that Asa was afflicted with a sore disease in his feet. "Yet Asa sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

The child who reads the opening chapters of Genesis can learn in five minutes what it took mankind five milleniums to discover. Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, once said that a college education without the study of the Bible could never equal the value of a study of the Bible minus a college course. The sacred volume is like a perfect gem of many facts, which refract the Light in rainbow and orient colors,

producing a glory and solitary grandeur which men silently gaze on with wonder and awe. Our greatest men in all walks of life have been readers and lovers of the Book. He who cannot appreciate its beauty and truth is to be pitied. He who will not do so is lacking somewhere in the attributes of a man.

If I were a preacher I would preach the richer life,—the life of giving, the life of service.

Service is the bedrock upon which civilization rests. Willingly or otherwise, every man must pay his full allotment. Failure to do so brings deterioration and distress to both the individual and the race. Show me a successful man, a wealthy man, a happy man, and I will show you one who rendered a greater service to society than would ordinarily be demanded of him. Conversely, the wretched and the failures are those who foolishly tried to avoid a full payment of service. The man who starts out complacently with the idea that the world owes him a living, invariably ends his career in disgrace. The world never owed anybody anything, but we all owe service to the world.

How often are we tempted to envy the rich, the cultured, the famous men! How very seldom we feel impelled to pay the price which they paid in service rendered to others! The way to succeed is to serve, whether the aim be to build houses or empires. The maxim of nineteen hundred years, that he who is greatest is the servant of the most, still holds good. To win fame or fortune, happiness and serenity, or the praise and respect of others, let the watchword be "I serve."

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Mrs. Colby, Fred Ryan, Mrs. Ryan and Babe Ryan.

This picture was taken before Mrs. Colby's departure from Detroit. Here the proposition was made that Mr. Ryan take up her pen to keep Detroit alive in the *Journal*.



This is to prove Mr. Ryan's popularity as the reporter of the *Journal*.

The Gentle Art of Weeding

By ZENO



LAST night (this story was written nine months ago)

I sat at table in the club-house of the faculty of the State University, opposite a bright deaf person who is a member of the club.

He asked me what I thought of the suggestion that degrees be conferred on all superintendents of the schools for the deaf without distinction, of which ideas he did not approve.

I replied, "If you want to look only at the 'medicine' in the bottle and not think of anything else outside of the flask, that is, look up and down over the man to find out, in all strictness, whether it is in him to deserve a degree or not, many instances may be found in which honors are conferred on mere daws. In fact, you will be right four times out of five. Still, let us examine the matter from another direction. Wouldn't a person with a title to his name be able to help the deaf more? For example, we are having a new superintendent who is a plain Mr. Suppose this principal gets a doctor's degree. Would it not tone up the school like a new coat of paint? When I want to tell the public what the school is doing, or what that man is thinking, would it not be natural for me to wish I were able to mention him as a Dr.? In addressing a letter to him, do you not instinctively want to begin his name with an academic title?"

The friend became contemplative, and by and by he brightened up with this remark, "Don't you think it is time Tilden get a honorary degree from Gallaudet College?"

I laughed and answered, "I do not think he needs a degree any more than Julius Caesar did." Then I discarded my knife and fork once more and said with seriousness, "Do you really want me to talk on this subject, that is, discuss it in all frankness?"

He replied, "Why not? Tilden is famous—he is a master. He deserves at least a M.A."

I shook my head and said, "No, you have not got the thing right. But if I try to explain, I am liable to brush your fur in the wrong direction. You college boys are sensitive and, I fear, also selfish as exclusive people are. Are you enough of a sport to stand for my talk? Shall I go on?"

He nodded, "Go ahead."

I answered, "Well, Tilden is a super-deaf-mute. He will not care for a degree which is merely as good as yours. The college must give him a higher degree than anything it has conferred on its graduates in the past. The only title which he will accept is a LL.D. or a L.H.D."

The friend's face became petrified with surprise. Had he discovered that he was named after Sir Walter Scott instead of Gen. Winfield Scott, he could not have been more amazed.

I went on, "I am not talking out of vanity. I would try to discuss this subject on the basis of both justice and propriety and do so in all soberness, the same as if I am upholding the claim of any other deaf-mute who has distinguished himself in a large manner. I would, by way of illustration, quote precedents from circles outside of our own world. What is considered appropriate in the intellectual centers of the hearing world, can also be considered decent in our own intellectual centers. Are you familiar with the reference-book known as the *Who is Who in America*?"

Yes, he knew the book.

I resumed, "you would consult the file of that book, take out the volume, dated, say, 1906, and you will read language somewhat like this *Saint Gaudens, Augustus—honorary degree LL.D., Harvard; honorary L.H.D., Princeton*. Those titles do not imply that this man had any pretense to distinction in letters

or laws; his speciality was sculpture, and, in this respect, he was a man among men, all right. Apprenticed to cameo carving in his thirteenth year, he gravitated, through personal merit, into choice circles and became cultured. Though I would not consider him a profound or stupendous thinker, he was a mighty workman. He arrived first in the French-American field of sculpture and gave that art an immense impetus, in short he had gone farther in his own line than many a man who had received the degree of LL.D. had gone into his line. Therefore it stands to reason that it was wholly proper for Harvard and Princeton to have made a complimentary recognition of this very eminent and very distinguished service to art.

"Now, what St. Gaudens was to the hearing world, Tilden is to the deaf world,—of course, not till the hearing world itself had, in the first place, checked up his efforts and pronounced them to be satisfactory. It is true that St. Gaudens handled clay more skillfully than Tilden, since the former began the study of craftsmanship very young, and the latter was self-educated and did not leave the 'wild and woolly West' till his twenty-seventh year, which makes quite a difference. But sculpture is not skill alone. The essential part of it is Thought. Within this creative circle, St. Gaudens was more subject to extrinsic influences than Tilden, the older sculptor wisely confining himself mostly to historical subjects to show to the best advantage his capacity which is in accordance with all principles of success in art, while Tilden went further with his 'Mechanics,' for example; and if you will let me talk shop, it may be said that his efforts were more 'self-determined and self-sustained,' which is a more difficult test of genius.

"Well, the world liked St. Gaudens' designs of the U. S. money and has honored him in fame; coin and Latin documents. Can the deaf world, likewise, rise above petty jealousies? Your college is the standard and the figure-head of the deaf world. Can it look beyond the borders of its fence and be broad-minded, liberal and just? Tilden is famous as you said. Today he regrets that he is helpless without a base, just as war is useless without support. But he is satisfied that he has rendered acceptable service and that his record is a honorable one. All things being equal, as our friend Dr. Draper used to say, would it not stand to reason that if the college wants to confer a degree on Tilden, it would give him a LL.D. or a L.H.D. which of course out-ranks anything the college alumni have received because Tilden out-ranks them, he having also



A snap shot taken of "Zeno" by a friend on the grounds of the Berkeley school. Evidently Zeno is living up to the admonition of the S. W. editor to be Cheerful—"a soldier who could not laugh, could not fight." At the moment, he seems to be reminded of the university examination.

been a teacher of both the deaf and the hearing? What, if you do not agree with me? The conferring of a honorary degree on a man means that the academy knows the man (perhaps) and knows what it is doing (more likely so); the man is human enough to like approbation, but is this kind of recognition absolutely necessary to an artist? Is the world any less beautiful to him, the sky any less blue, and the grass any less green, if the people have their own troubles and are forgetful? Am I hurting your feelings? All right, I will accept a second portion of ice cream and—let us warm up with the hope that since you write well, you will preserve to be a Doctor in the end."

At this point, our coffee cups were empty. The smiling co-ed who worked her way through the university as a waitress, took up our signed cards, and we adjourned to a hall where professors were already gathering to witness just a plain *ass* saddled not with a degree but with the usual camp paraphernalia tied together after a certain Mexican formula warranted to give the animal a minimum of discomfort and, at the same time, get a maximum of efficiency out of it. Many of the members of the faculty also have membership cards in a mountain-climbing club, and they were improving the golden hour by experimenting with a real living donkey. The animal stood in three inches of saw-dust and munched bread from a tray with immense satisfaction; and when it kicked out, my friend was sure that the figure which the hoof drew in the air, corresponded to the shape of the first letter of his own name which is a R.

(To be continued)

Dr. Gallaudet's Address in Chapel Hall

(Reprinted by permission of the Buff and Blue)

When eulogies have told all that words may be found to tell, the lovable personality of Dr. Gallaudet will still be the one thing that no mere reader can really comprehend. Only those who have seen and known him, who have been near enough to feel the influence of his character, will ever fully realize this quality which made him the great educator that he was.

To the younger generation of students and alumni, Dr. Gallaudet was but an occasional visitor to the college. They knew him only as they saw him from a distance as he addressed them in the chapel. But he was honored and even loved by this later generation, and his splendid character had a definite influence on all those who were permitted to see him.

Upon his last visit to Kendall Green in February, 1916, he was visibly aged and very feeble. When he spoke to us in chapel the Sunday evening during his stay, he raised his hands with a noticeable effort. His talk was short, but long enough for him to make an enduring impression on the hearts of all those who were there to see and hear him. His words were remembered and were written down the next day by one of the students. This is what he said:

"My young friends: I am glad to be back here among you, on my old home soil, once more. It is no easy journey for an old, old man like me to travel all the way from my present home in Hartford. Long ago, before some of you were on earth, this was my home, where I worked and strove the best years of my life, and it makes my heart thrill again to be back.

"Perhaps you would like to hear a few words of simple counsel, gleaned from the experience of an old man.

"Yesterday, on the train, I thought of you, and wondered what message I might bring. A visit I once made to a museum in Copenhagen, Denmark, came to mind. The work of the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, were exhibited. There were statues and groups of figures carved in stone that appealed to me as but little less than divine

in the splendor of the thought they portrayed and their skillful workmanship.

"I commented upon the majesty of the work and some one repeated to me an anecdote of the sculptor. A friend of the sculptor was shown a piece of work just completed and said to him, 'Could I but accomplish a single work such as this, I would be ready to stop, and say, I am satisfied!'

"But Thorwaldsen replied, you are wrong, my friend. It is such work as this that inspires me to say, 'I am yet unsatisfied, and to aspire to still better things.

"This is the thought I would have you carry away and plant in your own secret 'Garden of Ideals.'

"You all have, deep down in your hearts, a 'Garden of Ideals' where you cherish the thought that is your ideal of attainment. It is in this hidden garden that I would have you plant the seed of noble discontent. Not a futile, fault-finding seed of dissatisfaction, but a wholesome seed of discontent with worldly success.

"There is nothing that you may do, in this life that may not be done better. Nothing is perfect. Aspire to better things always, and never be content until the Heavenly Father says to you, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joys of the Lord!'

The talk ended solemnly—abruptly. Each hearer waited expectantly as for another word from a great prophet.

Leaning on the arm of President Hall, he started from the rostrum, but was stopped before he had descended the steps and a great bouquet of roses, a token from the students, placed in his arms. It was a dramatic moment and the audience watched the beloved Doctor almost breathlessly. He stood gazing at the flowers for a moment, as if confused, and then, with the kindly humor that was one of his happiest characteristics, turned towards us again and said, "I am tempted—I am tempted to be content."

It was as a great revelation of the man and those who saw him on that occasion have a memory to treasure—to keep deep down in their "garden of ideals" forever.



MR. W. H. CHRISTIAN, OF ATLANTA, GA.

He lost his hearing when he was 5 years old from rising in car. He was a foreman of the deaf-mutes at the U. S. Gov't Shoe Repairing Shop for 2 years. He closed down when war was won.

With The Silent Workers

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



HERE is an interesting group published in the *Florida School Herald*, showing the six representatives of the school now enrolled as students at Gallaudet College. And Florida has a very small number of deaf people as compared with the State of New York, with the schools at Buffalo, Rochester, Rome, Malone and four large ones in New York City, yet the whole State of New York is represented at Gallaudet to-day by only three students.

An observing deaf man here in New York, wrote me after the Gallaudet Day Dinner on Dec. 10th, which was given by the New York City local branch of the National Association of the Deaf, and asked me to note that there were only four hearing people present, from among all those who should be interested in such an observance of the great Founder's natal day, and of these four, one was his granddaughter, two were wives of deaf men, and one was the son of deaf parents. I don't know that any comment of mine would add to the situation, so will refrain from any.

Many years ago this column gave a "Litany" of things deaf people ought to be delivered from, and here are a few more, but the list can be extended indefinitely, so send in suggestions of what you think can be added and some day we will print them all.

One person we can do without, is the one who insists on your standing by and watch him write his inquiries. We can spare him, unless his penmanship is so vile you have got to watch him form his letters and words, or deciphering what he has written would be an impossible task.

We can spare him.

Then there is the fellow that writes legibly enough but slips up on key words here and there that necessitate your having to ask that he re-write plainer.

We can pass him up.

How about the party too indifferent, or too lazy to write, who takes your time needlessly, but also steals that of your assistant, or some hearing friend, by making them do his talking for him? I know several of him, and generally he wants to sell me something I do not want to buy, and every time he comes it makes me regret we haven't one of those "movie" devices that open up a trap and give a tumble into the regions below.

We will never miss him.

Then there's the one who comes once a year and tries to force you to read his lips, after you have told him over, and over again that you cannot, and then he insists that he knows a man who can, and if the man he knows can, why in thunder can't I?

The discard for him.

Send in yours.

After 500 years of "knocking" and "kicking," Ireland is free at last. It looked for years as if it would never be accomplished, but thanks to "knockers" and "kickers," the result was brought about. The world is richer, better and happier because there have always been "knockers" and "kickers" who did not submit tamely when they and their fellow men were used as door-mats, and when they were walked over generally. From the time of that historic tea party in Boston Harbor, right down to the present day, the worth-while knocking and kicking had to be done to get the results. The knocking of one man, Jacob A. Riis, abolished the vile "Five Points," and transformed it into a Park.

Every motor-man who guides a street car in the State of

New York, has the protection from icy cold in winter of a vestibuled platform, because one man haunted the Albany legislative chambers till he got the bill through in the face of opposition from all the companies who pleaded they could not afford it. When you read some one's plaint that "knockers" and "kickers" are a hindrance to progress, think of some of these exceptions to the rule.

The WORKER's "Who's Who" tells us that Miss Arizona Watts married Mr. Chas. Burgess; well, other Ladies of State in the deaf world were Miss Nevada Hutton, and Miss Georgia McClure.

In the December issue of *Number Eight*, a magazine published by the National City Bank of New York, Ellis Parker Butler writes:

"If I could write an article that would prevent young men from making fool investments of the kind I have almost invariably made I would be a more valuable citizen than General Pershing, Woodrow Wilson, and J. P. Morgan rolled into one. I would deserve a gold statue on top of the Washington Monument—a solid gold one, not a plated one—and in ten years' time the young men would save enough to pay off the national debt of the United States, and hardly miss the money.

"To combat the ever-present tendency among the inexperienced, to invest their money as the result of overheard tips; handed-on ill-considered talk, and anonymous say-sos is the purpose of the present series of National City Company advertisements being run in leading magazines. Four of these ads are reproduced above. The text of each advertisement is a strong brief for conservative investments. The wisdom of obtaining solid facts, reliable information, and sound advice when considering the investment of money are the dominating thoughts conveyed by the entire series, as is the matter of constant and violent fluctuations."

The foregoing is appropriate in view of the fact that for several months teams, generally of four deaf men, have been visiting centers of population on stock selling expeditions that from all reports has yielded big returns to the promoters, who in the past have marketed food stock on an 8% guaranteed promise that has not been realized in any quarter so far as I can learn. In fact, letters are continually coming to me stating that no dividend at all has been seen.

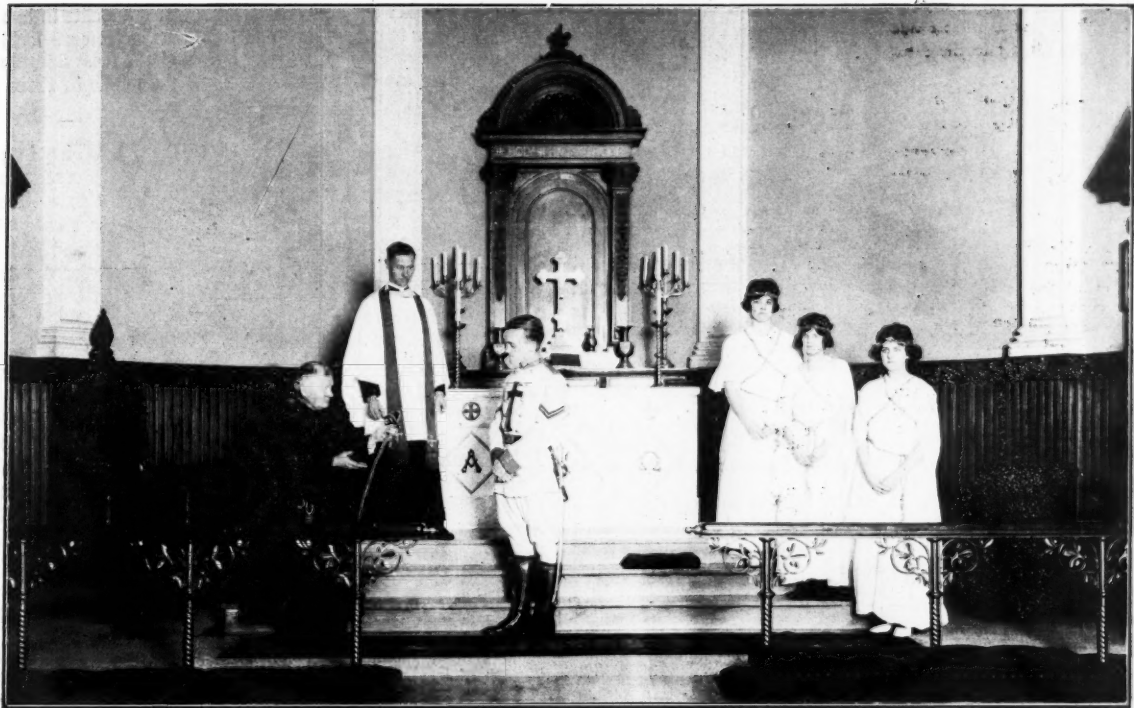
The sales force, about a dozen deaf men in all, are selling stock in a device of some sort that is not explained or detailed unless you buy stock.

It may be that it is an excellent device that will make fortunes for many and, on the other hand, it may be a promotion scheme to make money for the promoters.

It has got to be a big winner to support the dozen men in the field selling stock to deaf people. They get their commissions, and the higher-up men get theirs, and what's left after paying hotel and railway bills will, perhaps go into the manufacturing end. Those who think of investing should read and digest what Mr. Butler says above and also read each issue of *Collier's Magazine* for December 1921, which lays bare the whole stock selling game. This is not to tell anybody what to do with his money—all readers of the *Journal* must have digested Mr. Hodgson's editorial on this subject, and those who are not *Journal* readers will be helped materially if they will send stamps for a copy of the issue in which it appeared.

There are so many legitimate ways for the deaf to invest with safety that it seems a pity to see savings go into what may be wild-cat schemes.

One of the foremost and of the highest standing investment concerns in the country, Lee Higginson & Co., has a deaf salesman, Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, who has invested many thous-



PAGEANT AT ST. ANN'S P. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK, SUNDAY DEC. 11, 1921.
Left to right: Mr. W. G. Jones, Rev. Kent, Mr. Funk, Miss Lewis, Miss Hunter and Miss Grossman.

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

ands of dollars for deaf clients, without the loss of as much as one penny to any investor. As high as 8% is the assured income from some of the bonds, dividend checks for which go regularly to a number of my friends. I have no personal interest in any stocks, bonds or anything of the kind, but when I see my deaf friends investing their savings, or selling their homes to invest proceeds, I think they ought to have a square deal and that is my excuse for writing these lines.

Speaking of investments that yield results to the deaf, none better is offered than investing in a membership in the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, which offers as high as \$2000.00 by way of a death benefit, while at no extra cost, sick and accident benefits are given.

With the 87th Division being in process of organization almost as these lines are written, some idea of the Order's growth can be comprehended, for the 87th Division is the first to be organized in any city already having a Division, and this happens because New York covers so much territory that is was deemed expedient to consider each of its five boroughs as separate cities.

Many instances of how a great deal more than is promised, is actually given. Recently a brother in San Francisco died and immediately the local division voted the widow \$100. from its own funds for her immediate needs, though the check for \$1000, the amount of insurance the brother carried, was sent from Headquarters as soon as the claim was presented properly attested. This procedure rarely requires more than two weeks time and often less than one week.

In Chicago, where the unemployment situation has hit as hard as anywhere, the local division goes the limit in helping out of work brothers meet rent bills, and pay for food and other essentials all from the Division treasury, and all as a loan, on honor to be repaid when the brother meets normalcy again.

With membership in an organization of this kind attainable at such a trivial cost, the matter resolves itself into a question of

how any deaf man who can pass the medical examination can afford to stay outside.

The New York branch of the National Association of the Deaf is trying to promote the acquisition of a knowledge of spelling by means of the manual alphabet by distributing many thousand cards. This may or may not result in good. A better publicity spread would have been secured by spending the \$60.—the experiment cost—for space in the photogravure supplement of one of the big Sunday papers, with the alphabet reproduced and the caption "*Memorize this and make your deaf friends happy by talking with them their way.*" This would have involved no waste practically and would have interested half a million people.

Many editors would gladly reproduce the alphabet in their magazine features without any expense at all.

When I was much younger I distributed hundreds of alphabet cards, but now-a-days I give them, rather the alphabet diagram in its enlarged form, to people I want to interest; make them learn to spell their own name by picking the letters out themselves, to demonstrate how easy it is, and then caution them that they must not try to memorize them in the order they occur, but to spell words, and then after showing them the difference between h, u, and n by making them learn to form the letters of the word hungry, and then taking up the word EAST so they won't get tangled up on E, A, and S, I have known them to become literally letter perfect in a day.

We'd ought to find a way to tell the world, but distributing cards isn't a drop in the bucket.

The florists have popularized a slogan that advertizes their craft: "Say it with Flowers," and we might popularize the alphabet with: "Say it with Fingers," which would make people curious, at any rate.

Perhaps some one can dope out a more apt slogan as the one I suggest may be misinterpreted, particularly since the small

boy and many big boys, have "said it with fingers," with the thumb in juxtaposition with the nasal organ in such a manner that the slogan might easily be considered a vulgarity.

Instead of quoting from the clipping Mrs. Jackson sends me, telling how high the *Atlanta Journal* rated the N. F. S. D. convention there last summer, that is, in the top rank, and there were hundreds of conventions held there, I am giving my readers Mrs. Jackson's letter:

28 Wellborn Street,

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 30, 1921.

DEAR MR. PACH:—As the report, shown on the enclosed clippings taken from the *Atlanta Journal*, places the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf as second on the list of "important conventions" held in this city during the year closing tomorrow, I am sending them along to you so that you may comment on the matter in some of your SILENT WORKER articles if you wish.

Should you think the matter of sufficient interest to the deaf to make mention of it, you can add that we are at work down here to make the 1923 convention of the National Association of the Deaf head the list of all other "important conventions" held in Atlanta during that year.

Everything concerning N. A. D. matters are running along very nicely, and as soon as the holidays end and things get back to normal we will get down to actual work and you will hear of us frequently.

Trusting that you had a very merry Christmas and that health, happiness, and prosperity, may be your portion for 1922, I am

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
MRS. C. L. JACKSON.

In the January issue of this publication my fellow contributor, Mr. Smaltz, under the heading "All hail the school of tomorrow," gave out a creed that ought to be reprinted in big type on the back cover of the next issue of the WORKER: then reproduced in all the I. p. f. and a framed copy hung in the office of every school head.

But the "school of tomorrow" is very generally here already, though, there are some notable exceptions. Some can't get away from "charity," though I don't know why, and I read statements of officers connected with an offending school that, up to a year or two ago, at least, was an offense to public decency and a crime against the deaf children at school there who were literally starved, beaten and treated with less consideration than the cattle on the farm.

All this right in the effete East and under a Board of Directors who were all pillars of the Church. An investigation by order of the Governor of the State has righted many wrongs—I hope all of the wrongs—but the harm already done can not be effaced.

An advertisement in a recent issue of a Denver (Colo.) daily paper carried an announcement of attractions at a vaudeville house in that city, gave the name of five "teams" or players on the bill and featured as the head-liner "Miss Helen Keller, the deaf-blind marvel of the world."

A two-column cut purporting to be a reproduction of a photograph of Miss Keller bears no resemblance to her, but bears a striking resemblance to a noted screen star.

The friend who sends me the advertisement writes as follows: "The way Helen Keller is being exploited bodes no good for the sign-language. So many people who have relatives or friends who are deaf like ourselves reason that if a blind and deaf person can go on the stage and "talk" and read the lips with the fingers and write letters in superb English, then those who are merely deaf ought, by that token, speak out and read the lips as if there was nothing the matter with them. Many claim from Helen's experience that the deaf are victims of their imagination and of the system of education that employs the sign-language or even tolerates it. To my way of thinking the scheme of the oralists in capitalizing Keller's wonderful powers is by long odds the worst thing in the world for the deaf at large, and the fact that she leads herself to the pro-

paganda, whether she does so unwittingly or not makes little difference, places her in a very bad light among forward looking deaf people and I should say she is one of the most dangerous examples that the oralists have to show the public in favor of their methods.

The death of good old Henry C. ("Harry") White, in poverty, as reported by Mr. Meagher in the Chicago correspondence of the Journal, is unusually saddening. There never was a more brainy or more brilliant deaf man, nor a more congenial companion. As a writer, Mr. White fairly scintillated and he was a master of English. One of the two schools for the deaf that he founded after long, hard uphill fights in legislatures, appropriated a life pension for him as Principal Emeritus, and why this was not available in his last days is an unexplained mystery.

Mr. Meagher errs when he states that Mr. White was the only deaf ex-Superintendent of a school for the Deaf. Rev. J. M. Koehler, still very much alive founded a school for the Deaf, and was retired to make room for a hearing man, Lars M. Larson also went through this routine, and the late A. R. Spear did the good foundation stunt, only to be ousted when hearing people needed the honor and the emolument.

The Malone (N. Y.) school had its origin through a deaf man's forethought and courageous aggressiveness, and he, too, went the usual route.

There are still other instances of this kind, all with the same unvarying final curtain.

I can't leave the subject of the pathetic end of my long time friend without expressing regret at our inconsistency in raising funds to help the starving abroad; to give education to the Chinese, when right here in the second city of these glorious United States, a gifted, but unfortunate deaf man who did the good work for his fellow deaf in his own Massachusetts, who made a distinguished record at Gallaudet College, and who went out to the great West and gave the deaf of two great states the means of acquiring an education, should meet such



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

ANTHONY CAPELLI
President Deaf-Mutes Union League

an ignominious end, "living on bread and milk, lying on a miserable little mattress, in a miserable little room, longing for the means to take him to a climate where he might at least die in peace."

But grand old Harry hasn't died this miserable death in vain if he brings us to a realization that we are a miserable lot of Mrs. Jellaby's when we save the starving abroad and let good men starve right here at home.



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

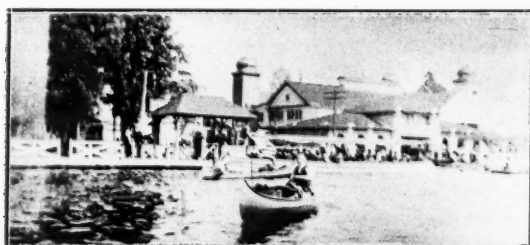
MAX MILLER

Both "Fanwood" graduates. They have three children and the daughter Bessie has a little one, so they are very happy grandparents.



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

MRS. MAX MILLER



Lake Side, Akron, Ohio, near James C. Dowell's home. Clarence, his son, is in his canoe. It is a wonderful resort. Bathing, canoeing, etc.

CLARENCE AND ALBERT DOWELL, SONS OF (DEAF PARENTS) MR. AND MRS. JAMES C. DOWELL, OF AKRON, OHIO

Albert is in Coco Solo, Panama, U. S. Submarine Base. Albert has just helped to capture a seventy-ton whale. Clarence is Field Manager of Collier magazine, of Akron, Ohio.



ALBERT DOWELL



CLARENCE DOWELL

Daily Routine in The Chefoo School



AT A RECENT meeting of the Silent Workers, at the Rochester School, Miss Carter gave an interesting outline of the daily routine at the Chefoo School.

The older boys and girls take turns helping in two kitchens. Those who are on duty have to begin work at 5:30. They build fires under the big kettles where water is heated for washing hands and faces. The other children rise at 6 o'clock, and then begin a busy time of getting ready for breakfast at 6:45. The older pupils help the little ones in both schools, but the girls have the hardest time for they still wear their hair braided down their backs just as the boys and men did before the Revolution in 1911. It was a common sight in both schools nine years ago to see a line of children braiding the hair of the child in front of them, down to the smallest one who stood at the head of the line. The boys now have more time to spend washing their hands and faces and parting their hair.

Breakfast consists of corn-meal, wet with water and cooked on hot iron griddles. There is rice water to drink and raw salt turnips, cut in shreds to take the place of no salt in the corn-cake. Sometimes there is bread left over from supper and that is a great treat, though it is eaten, as is the corn cake, without butter, sugar or milk.

At a quarter past seven every one is busy making beds, sweeping and dusting. The dishes have been washed by each person who, when he finished eating, took his bowl and chop-sticks to the kitchen and washed them before putting them on the shelf to dry.

A bell calls the hearing men, teachers and helpers to prayers at 8 o'clock with the older pupils in the boys' school. The women and girls have prayers at 8:15 which gives me a chance to join them after going to the boys' school.

After prayers I make rounds in the dormitories and kitchens. Sometimes it means that a boy or girl must re-make his or her bed, and sometimes it means that a floor must be swept over again. That is all the punishment needed.

Half-past eight finds me in my study treating the sore eyes, ears that have to be irrigated; attending to sore fingers, or frost bitten hands or feet. Meantime the school steward brings the memorandum of things wanted from the market or shops, and as I work we talk over the different items. Perhaps there is time before I go to my first classes at 9 o'clock to take a look at the garden where special attention is needed. The two men who work in the gardens all day receive about seven dollars a month and board themselves.

Any one looking for me between eleven and twelve o'clock will usually find me in a classroom helping the times there are English or American visitors to be shown teacher get better speech or work from his pupils. Somewhere, or relatives and friends of the children who want to see the work done in the classroom.

When twelve o'clock comes, books are put away and the classes make a low bow to their teacher before they leave the room. A few minutes later these children are gathered in the dining-rooms around plain wood tables, with their chop-sticks before them, waiting for their bowls of hot rice, and one vegetable, cooked with the meat, to be brought in by the older pupils. After grace has been said, they enjoy their food as much as you do, but unlike you, they will not think of having butter, preserves or milk with their dinner and it would never enter their heads to ask for a dessert. Most of our children think that dessert are

for rich people only. Holidays mean special food, like meat dumplings or noodles, instead of rice for the mid-day meal and our pupils call it "Chi hao fan" (eating good food.)

There are classes again in the afternoon from one to three o'clock. After that the boys separate to work in groups under supervision in the gardens or the carpenter shop until five o'clock. There are usually only three winter months when no work can be done in the gardens, and often there is snow to be shoveled all this time. All the girls and the little boys come to my living-room for an hour after school to do their embroidery, lace making and first sewing for the little people.

By half-past four in the winter the girls and little boys are on their way with their teachers to the hills for a walk. In the spring and autumn they go along the beach by the sea and often they come home with their handkerchiefs full of periwinkles, oysters, clams, crabs and other sea products which they eat with their supper. Several times the big boys have caught an octopus. They often bring home good sized fish for one meal.

The Chinese still think it is wonderful that deaf children can learn to speak and write the Chinese language; and they think it more wonderful that our older pupils read the lips of their teachers so well. The teachers often say, "We cannot talk secrets in the daytime because we are sure to be seen talking by some of the children who can read all we say from our lips."

Our classroom work is oral, or written in the Chinese character pictures. We find it more satisfactory than the romanization which is different in every dialect and not known by the parents or relatives of our pupils. We use Lyon Phonetic Manual to distinguish between the vocalized and nonvocalized consonants and nasal sounds that cannot readily be seen on the lips.

In amusements, one of our most prized is the bathing and swimming in the ocean that we can enjoy every week day from the last of May until the first of October.

There are lovely walks over the hills that we can take at any time, winter or summer. Twice a year we have an all day picnic. The first is held when the fruit tree blossoms are at their best. It takes us about two hours to walk to the orchards and that is the only way we can get to them. Our second picnic is held in the early autumn when we have the most perfect weather that any place or people ever had.

The everyday amusements are the mild ones of skipping the rope, swinging, playing ball, or other games and drill with or without Indian clubs. We have no football or basket-ball games because the balls cost so much, but we have the great game of making plants grow in gardens when weather conditions are favorable.

The spring season in Chefoo is often so dry that the seeds and seedlings must be watered daily to keep them alive until the rains come. It is hard work to carry water for this. Later when the rainy season comes the plants grow like weeds, but the real weed grows so fast too that every one has to work hard weeding the gardens when the ground dries off a little.

Days spent in this way give every one a good appetite for a supper of plain steamed bread with radishes, young onions or salted turnips to eat with it. Our pupils have to be satisfied with plain food because we have less than five dollars a month to spend on each child.

One hundred and fifteen deaf Chinese children have attended the Chefoo school in the past twenty years. You have made it possible for many of these children to

receive an education but the work is just beginning. There are still over forty thousand deaf children in China who are growing up without a chance to learn that the commonest articles have names. Some of these children will have to beg for their living, if they have no other means of getting one.

We must make an extra effort to reach a greater number of these helpless deaf children in the next few years, so that they may become useful in their homes and as citizens.

We have all kinds of weather in Chefoo, so you can take your choice as Mark Twain advised the reader of one of his books to do, but that is not easily done outside of books.

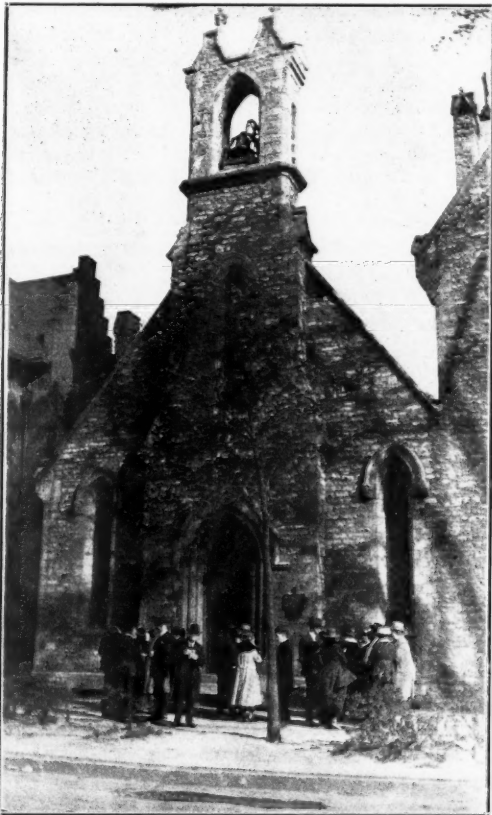
MOTHER'S DARLING

It was at the dinner table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother.

"Do have another piece of pie, William."

"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good, I believe I will have another."

"Ha, ha!—mother wins!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."



St. John's Episcopal Church, Detroit, Mich., where the Deaf meet for service.



Left to right—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cory, Jr., of Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Ella Mann, now of St. Petersburg, Fla.; Joseph Atcheson, of Pittsburg, Pa.



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

MR. and MRS. ROYAL A. KROBOTH, who were married at St. Ann's Dec. 17th. Mrs. Kroboth was Anna Ondrachek of the 23rd. St. School and Mr. Kroboth is a Fanwood boy and one of that school's foremost athletes.



EDNA and ANGELIA WATSON, OF ATLANTA, GA.

"EFFICACY OF PRAYER"

A certain little boy had long expressed a wish for a baby brother. His mother finally advised him to ask God for one. He adopted the suggestion, and nightly asked God for a baby brother. After a time he became discouraged and announced that he would pray for one no longer.

One morning his father took him to his mother's room, where two new baby brothers were awaiting his inspection. His first comment was, "Gee, Dad, isn't it lucky I stopped praying when I did?"

REMINISCENCES

*This Department is open to all who wish
to contribute to it*

DR. PEET AND THE MISSING POSTAGE STAMPS



OLD TIMERS remember the name of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal of the "Fanwood" School. To know him was to love him. At times he was very absent-minded. One sultry day in July he climbed the *Journal* office stairs for a business talk with Editor Hodgson. He was coatless and carried in his hand a high hat which he was accustomed to wear. The handful of boys who were slinging type for the weekly news sheet cast glances in his direction and noticed the perspiration that trickled down from the top of his bald head as he waddled towards the editorial desk. After the Doctor's talk with the urbane editor, he rose to go and instead of carrying his hat in his hand he put it on his head, nodding pleasantly to the boys as he left. In a few minutes Dr. Peet returned, this time with a serious look on his face. He inquired of the office force if they had seen a block of postage stamps which he was positive he had when he first entered the office. A thorough search failed to locate the missing stamps and when the Doctor started to leave he remarked that it was very curious. Just then the keen eyes of one of the boys detected a little red something protruding just under the edge of his high hat, hastened to his side, removed the lid revealing the missing stamps which were hugging his bald pate in such a manner that it was with some difficulty that they were removed. How the stamps found their way to the top of his head is easily conjectured.

ARMLESS DEAF-MUTE WONDER

About forty years ago the "Fanwood" School had an armless wonder by the name of McCormick, now dead. He was as bright as a new dollar and as slick as an eel. He was handsome and almost perfect in physique. Without arms he could perform stunts almost unbelievable. One arm was just a stump; the other reached just below the elbow. With it he could write, handle a fork, lift a tumbler or cup to his lips and do almost anything a person could do with his two hands. His schoolmates feared him, yet they admired him. He was involved in many escapades that caused the school authorities no end of uneasiness. Once he ran away with a horse and wagon but was captured after a five-mile drive. A well known writer of that time selected him one of the leading characters in a novel that was afterwards reprinted in the *SILENT WORKER*.

ADVENTURESOME SCHOOL BOYS

Boys will be boys, always, especially school boys. A certain school had a class of bright semi-mutes who had a penchant for doing something startling to break the monotony of school life. They had been reading a story book called "Floating Down the Mississippi." It told about a couple of boys who, because of the cruelty of their parents, decided to run away from home. They built a houseboat and floated down the river. The story was so alluring that this particular class of school boys decided to try it themselves for the sake of adventure. Within five minutes walk of the school there flowed the majestic Hudson, just as it does today. The abundance of trees nearby afforded plenty of material for a raft and with the loose lumber laying around all they needed was a sail of ample proportions to move the craft. Lots were cast which assigned certain duties to each and the work of construction began. They found that in the Art Department there was a table cloth large enough to answer the purpose, so they swiped it for two reasons; first because they wanted a sail and second, they were not in love with their teacher. Making the sail progressed

slowly, because it was to be done in secret; their hiding place was behind a fence and the canvas was covered with a pile of leaves. The fellow who was to cut down trees for the raft got the cold feet, because as soon as he began to chop, a policeman would loom up. Difficulties grew apace and finally when the sail had been completed and carefully covered up some hearing boys who had been watching the operations carried it off to their advantage. Thus ended the school boys' visions of floating down the Hudson on a raft they failed to build.

SCARED ALMOST TO DEATH

The chestnut season was on and the boys of a certain school in the East, like squirrels, lost no time in gathering them in. There was an abundance of trees in the neighborhood yielding nuts of the finest quality. Saturdays the boys obtained permits to go chestnutting and towards evening they returned to school with their pockets bulging with the day's find. Sometimes they went on Sundays, without a permit, of course, which was equivalent to playing hookey. One of the boys discovered a place several miles up the river that had not been located by others, so he reported his find to his chums. They decided Sunday would be the best time to make the haul and each with sacks hidden under their coats they sneaked out to the place selected. The ground was literally covered with chestnuts, but as it was slow picking one of the party decided it would be quicker to climb one of the trees and shake the burrs down, so up he went. He had not been up long before a tough looking hobo came along and pointed his pistol threateningly at the two who were on the ground. What he said was unintelligible to the deaf boys, but he was so ugly looking they decided the safest course to do was to depart quietly. After they had got at a safe distance they looked back to see what had become of their pal who was up a tree. The man with the pistol was sitting on a rock underneath the aforementioned tree and it appeared as if he was using their chum for a target. The other two, after waiting half an hour for their chum to come down and join them, returned to school. Late in the evening the chum turned up and related a most harrowing tale. He said the man repeatedly fired at him, and he was so scared he did not dare come down, so he hugged the tree for dear life. Finally, after the terrible looking man ran out of cartridges, he disappeared. It was only then that chum ventured to climb down and with chills still running down his spine. He made a quick headway for the school, minus chestnuts. He wanted to know if the other two boys had any chestnuts, but they told him they had to empty all they had in their sacks which was a fib, because the terrible looking man scared them away before they had gathered enough to share with their less fortunate comrade.

Saturday came around again. All the boys were lined up and a stern supervisor standing on a chair spelled off the names of those who had to pay the penalty for infracting the rules of the institution, and down on the list were the names of the three boys who played hookey. They had to study the Bible all afternoon.

DID HIS BEST

"Tommy," said his mother, "Grandmother is very sick. Can't you go in and cheer her up?"

"Yes'um," said Tommy, as he went into the sick-room. But in a few moments he came out disconsolate. "Couldn't mother," he said; 'she seemed to get worse."

"What did you say to her, dear?" asked Mother.

"Why, I asked her if she would like soldiers at her funeral."

A Deaf Poet



HE following is extracted from the San Mateo News-Leader and is written by Pansy J. Abbott:—

Laura Catherine Redden Searing, a literary light of a generation ago known as "Howard Glyndon," is spending the declining years of her life in San Mateo at the home of her only daughter, Mrs. John L. McGinn, in San Mateo Park. Years of invalidism now necessitate her being a recluse from society, finding her only joy in the simple



From Harper's Magazine.—Copyright, 1884, by Harper & Brothers.
LAURA REDDEN SEARING
As she looked forty years ago.

outdoor life of the garden with her grandchildren, Laura and John, Jr., and sharing the love and comforts of her devoted family.

A life that reads like a tragic tale is hers—a handicap of ill-health in childhood, over which she triumphed to become an internationally known woman, she is now spending the twilight of a busy life deprived of hearing and speech, so it is her diary and the stories recounted by her daughter which give insight into that remarkable career.

Born in Somerset County, Maryland, she traces her lineage to Sir William Waller, one of the original owners of Maryland, and farther back to Edmund Waller, a wit and poet of the days of Cromwell. In early childhood her parents moved to Missouri, and it was there she was stricken with the illness which left her deaf and practically speechless.

Educated in special schools, she finally learned to speak again, but with a certain high-pitched tone, marked by a hesitancy that rather pleased than offended the ears of others. During her early childhood her father's financial losses necessitated her earning her own living, so she, who had written poetry for the love of verse, turned to writing as means of self-support. A contributor to magazines such as *Harper's*, *Galaxy*, *Putman's the Silent Worker*, etc., and a correspondent for the *New York Sun* and certain Western religious papers, she devoted leisure moments to voicing through verse.

Her work led to many enriching experiences in life, such as years in Washington, D. C., as a press representative, where she became the friend of such men as Abraham Lincoln and General Grant, and wrote a book, "Notable Men of the House of Representatives," she being a familiar figure in political circles.

Her criticism concerning certain persons in public life led to an investigation as to her identity. "Howard Glyndon," her *nom de plume* being the signature under which she wrote at that time, and her critics found her a mere girl in years and attempted to make light of her remarks. However, such tended

to fire rather than dampen her political ardor, and she later wrote "Belle Missouri," the war song of her adopted state in answer to "Maryland, My Maryland." During the war she accompanied General Grant on a visit to the battlefields, a privilege accorded no woman at that time.

Her visit to Europe after the war allowed her an opportunity to see court life in Spain, Italy and France. She was at Eugenie's court for a long time, and also spent months in gathering material for a report for the United States Bureau of Agriculture on the orange and silk culture of Italy. Being able to speak several languages fluently, she was able to enjoy the friendship of distinguished men and women in the literary world in the European Capital, and those years were filled with happy memories.

Returning home she spent two years at the Clarke School for speech and lip-reading, and it was while there that she definitely contributed to Professor Bell's invention of the telephone, as she recounted her personal experience in the transmission of sound waves.

Introspective by nature, her days were filled with busy hours, writing poetry which reflected the inner life of the gifted woman. Her marriage to Edward W. Searing, a prominent attorney of New York, was a notable event, and the guests at that wedding numbered the celebrities of the literary world. John Greenleaf Whittier and Joaquin Miller, not being able to be present, sent autographed books, which today are among the treasured gifts of the long ago.

After a honeymoon of travel, New York became the home, until later Mrs. Searing's health demanded a change, and she came to California, selecting the picturesque seaside resort, Santa Cruz, for their new home. It was while living there that she wrote "Hills of Santa Cruz," a poem described by Whittier as "fine in conception and felicitous in execution, it will cling to the Santa Cruz mountains forever." Upon her physician's advice, a long sea voyage was ordered, and while in Alaska her daughter met and married John L. McGinn, assistant district attorney.

A woman of wide literary attainments, Mrs. Searing possessed a wealth of mother love, given expression in a group of dainty bits of verse recounting each phase of "Baby Elsa's" (Mrs. McGinn) life, and finally failing rapidly in strength, one day in 1907 she penned her last lines, rather prophetic words fraught with meaning and as it were farewell.

O hush thee, hush thee, heart;
Lie still within my lonely breast,
For soon shall come a time when thou
And I shall be laid well at rest.
There must be fairer fields for us
Beyond the mists of human ken.

—Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

IT IS ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER WHEN GOOD FELLOWS
GET TOGETHER



Coon Chicken Chase—the Chocolate Fool, Mr. Rogers Scott
Zuzu Zoo Zig-zag—the Full Bred Clown, Mr. John Miller
Babe D'Artagan—Vamp DeParee, Mr. Charles Sullivan
Jim Jam Jems—the Twin-Six Irish, Mr. Gerald, J. Ferguson
Messrs. Eddington, Galloway, Gray and Nicoll, as auction-bidders
to Snowstorm.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof readers all of whom are deaf.

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Safety First

During the war when most of the deaf were not only employed but receiving high salaries, the SILENT WORKER published an editorial advising them to invest all of their savings in Liberty Bonds. It advised them to buy bonds and borrow money on these bonds to buy others until they had all they could possibly pay for in the near future. At that time, some issues of Liberty Bonds were selling somewhere between eighty-two and eighty-six. They have gone up ever since until they are about par and some issues above par. "THEY ARE STILL A GOOD BUY." THE SILENT WORKER further advised the deaf not to invest in stocks and bonds promising big returns. Those who invested in Liberty Bonds have been able to cash their coupons regularly. In case of emergency they have the best security in the world for raising ready cash. They can go to any bank and borrow almost the face value of these bonds without being under any obligations. Those who bought questionable securities have not yet received any dividends and most likely never will. They cannot borrow money on their stock from any bank and probably never can.

The deaf, as a rule, are thrifty and are not inclined to take gambling chances with their savings although big returns are promised. But, like other people, many of them have been found gullible.

If you are thinking of investing your savings remember the following:

First—Ascertain how many years regular dividends have been paid on the stock or bonds you intend to buy.

Second—Ascertain what interest has been paid.

Third—Remember the higher the returns on your investment, the greater the risk.

Fourth—If it is a new company and no dividends have been declared BEWARE.

Fifth—Go to the bank and find out how much they will loan on the stock and bonds you intend to buy and if the bank will make no loans on such stock or bonds, do not take a chance.

A salaried person cannot afford to gamble with his savings. Why take chances. It is not good business. Do not sell your Liberty Bonds. Buy more. "SAFETY FIRST." Be very careful about signing any papers. Ask the advice of your banker before you do so. If the salesman who is eager to make you rich insists on your signing at once, put him off. If he does not want to give you time to consult your banker, do not buy. The motto of the salaried man with small savings should be "SAFETY FIRST." For him Liberty Bonds is the best investment.

Co-operation

THE SILENT WORKER has its mission to perform. One of its duties is to keep the deaf in close touch with much that is going on which is difficult to secure from reading the ordinary papers and magazines. For example, there are a great many associations among the hearing people doing great work which are referred to in newspapers and magazines only in a most casual way. It is very difficult, almost impossible, to transmit the spirit of these organizations to anyone unless he has personal contact with them over a sufficient period of time to permit him to absorb the spirit of their work.

Another mission of the SILENT WORKER is to bring about toleration and co-operation, to teach boasting without boasting; to encourage the deaf to assist others, if necessary by making personal sacrifices; to advise wise saving and wise giving.

A recent article in the *American Magazine* concerning the crow gives us a lesson in co-operation. In brief, it stated that the crow did not possess beautiful plumage nor a charming voice; that it was protected during no seasons but was hunted at all times. The crow not only survived but increased where most of the more brilliant species were dying out. The cause was attributed to the fact that the crows had learned to cooperate. They always stay together, have sentinels on guard and when alarmed, they always fly away together following the sentinels. Whereas, many other birds, when frightened, all go in different directions, each one looking out for himself. When a common enemy threatens the crows, they assemble from all over the country to fight this enemy. One time, an eagle appeared in the neighborhood. For miles, in every direction the crows assembled attacking the eagle and killing him. The eagle might have lived and fattened upon other species of birds where it is the custom for the individual to look out for himself.

Co-operation always brings results. Those who delight in knocking those who are intolerant; those who undermine the work of others, are mischief-makers. Do good work. Be of service. Life is too short to waste time in attempting to get even. There is too much to be done to take time to knock. Perform your duties well. Serve.

others and you will have all that you can do. You will be happy and others will fall in line and co-operate.

Public Service

Several years ago many of the leading financiers of this country predicted that it would not be long until the entire public conception of business success would undergo a change. At that time, the measurement of a business man's success was not what he had done, what service he had performed, but how much money he had accumulated. No questions were asked as to how he got it. The modern spirit of business ethical standards is undergoing a great change. The hero of today is the man who performs a great service; the man who constructs, who builds, and not the profiteer. This change is just beginning to take definite form. The Marshall Field Store of Chicago announced that its profits were less than 3% although its business ran into the millions. They could have made more money investing in Liberty Bonds, or more yet by purchasing in nontaxable securities. City and State bonds are nontaxable no matter what amount is purchased, while some Liberty Bonds are taxable if your income is over five thousand dollars. Hence, many of our men of wealth are taking their money out of business enterprises, which employ great numbers of laborers, and which perform great public services. This takes men of brains out of the industries and demoralizes business. They put their money into these securities and do not worry about them. When they have it in a large business enterprise they have considerable worry and work to protect their interests. Legislators are now agitating the proposition of making laws preventing states and municipalities from issuing nontaxable securities in order to force these men and their money back to business and industrial enterprises.

N. A. D. Program Committee Bulletin

While the National Association of the Deaf has committees to look after its affairs, the membership must not forget that every individual member of the organization is, by virtue of his initiation fee privileged and expected to participate in its doings and that his opinions relative to the work of the Association mean much for its success and will be gratefully welcomed.

Into the making of the convention program of the Association that works for the "welfare of all the deaf" should enter the opinions of the deaf at large. Study the Program Committee's plans as they shall be disclosed in these columns from time to time and express your opinion thereon freely to the Committee. Do not in the seclusion of your reticence think and dream of some good suggestion for the program and then pigeon-hole your idea, but pass it on so that the Committee may have more data from which to draw its conclusions and thus interweave into the program the consensus of the opinion of our great body of the deaf. Such pre-convention interest on the part of the members as a whole cannot fail to inject life into the affair when it comes off.

The N. A. D. promises a rich and varied convention program for 1923, touching upon all the phases of life that appeal to the deaf. The hackneyed charge that dubbed the Association nothing but an organization of the higher-ups of deafdom—

school teachers and college graduates, whose deliberations offered nothing of value to the deaf at large—has lost its force. The deaf have begun to realize that the N. A. D. offers much to them that can be utilized in making their living conditions better and their lives brighter, and we expect to see them at the next convention in larger numbers than ever before.

Atlanta, 1923! Watch our bulletins and talk it up.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

J. H. McFARLANE, *Chairman.*

Willetta Huggins

It was my good fortune to witness on Dec. 8th tests given to demonstrate the wonderful sense of smell and touch possessed by Willetta Huggins, the deaf and blind girl at the State School for the Blind in Janesville.

Pieces of cloth, (cotton, silk and wool) were placed in envelopes, one piece to each envelope, and all handled to Willetta. She took the piece of cloth from an envelope, smelled of it, and putting it back, wrote the color on the envelope. When she had finished a few envelopes the lights were turned off and she continued through the remaining envelopes in the dark. She only had about 40 per cent correct in this test and did better in the dark than with the lights on. However there were impediments to a fair test. A strong smell of tobacco smoke, and later that of candy being made down stairs, pervaded the room. There were also fifty people in the room each with his own distinctive odor and Willetta, who is nervous and high strung had to wait a long time before the tests began. Later she scored 100 per cent on the bits of cloth when they were given to her one at a time by Mr. Hooper, superintendent of the school.

Six people were then each given a brand new dollar bill. After each had handled his bill they were given to Willetta and by smelling the bills and the hands of the six people she was able to give four of the bills back correctly. She was confused on two bills and after placing them correctly changed her mind and got them wrong. The explanation was that one lady inadvertently touched two bills in drawing hers out thus confusing the blind girl.

After the tests were over I engaged Willetta in conversation. I was very surprised to find that she could readily understand my finger spelling when I simply put my hand under hers in close proximity to it, barely touching her hand occasionally while I spelled quite rapidly. I covered her hand with my free hand while spelling and a gentleman held a piece of paper over all but it made no difference. She claimed she could understand me by feeling the currents of air set in motion by my moving fingers.

I happened to speak to Mr. Hooper and she remarked that I spoke well for a deaf person. Then I started on an oral conversation with her and she understood me readily when her hand was placed on my head. Next a yard stick was placed on my head with Willetta holding the end and with my back to her she was able to understand short sentences. I noticed that several people of normal hearing were unable to understand me while Willetta had no difficulty except on long sentences via the yardstick.

This girl undoubtedly has a very highly developed sense of touch and smell. The normal ear catches the vibrations in the air, caused by the human voice, and translates them as words to the brain. Why cannot a sense of touch, highly developed do the same? The sense of smell is but poorly developed in man as compared with dogs and other animals therefore we know little of what it is really capable of when highly developed. We need a Willetta Huggins to open our eyes to its possibilities.

—N. J. Neesam in *Wisconsin Times*.

The Silent Worker

We sometimes wonder whether or not the deaf in the United States appreciate their special magazine. The Silent Worker, published at Trenton, New Jersey, under the auspices of the School for the Deaf. No pains are spared in making that magazine especially attractive and helpful to its readers who are largely deaf people. It is also full of useful information in which the deaf should be much interested. We often wonder how the publishers of that magazine get the necessary money to do all the half-tone work which the paper contains and to print the news in such an attractive way. But the magazine appears each month, and month after month, always new in appearance, always interesting, and full of good news. This is no propaganda to increase the patronage of the Silent Worker but rather an expression of our own appreciation for a professional magazine for our special work. The editor-in-chief is A. E. Pope, Supt. of the New Jersey School for the Deaf and Mr. George S. Porter is associate editor and business manager. These two gentlemen deserve great credit for publishing the Silent Worker which ranks in literary composition, taste and mechanical art with the best magazines published in

our broad land. It should be read by all the deaf in the United States and their friends in whose interest it is published.

—Ohio Chronicle.

Our Beautiful Deaf Women



MRS. TROY E. HILL
(Formerly Ollie G. Wilkerson) Talented Deaf Lady, Age about 20, she says. Graduate of Okl. School, Formerly worked in U.S. Post Office in Dallas. At present kept busy raising a fine baby girl.



MISS FLORENCE GILES
Late of Jacksonville, Fla. Now of Atlanta, Ga.



MISS ZILLAH B. HAWKINS
of Atlanta, Ga.

Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come in from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list printed in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

B

BARBIER, JOHN. Born Aug. 2, 1884, at St. James, La. Cabinet-maker with W. Leibe Refrigerator Co., New Orleans. Lives at 1824 Dante St., New Orleans. Can neither speak nor lipread but can sign. Attended School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge, La. Lost hearing at age of 9 months from scarlet fever. No deaf relatives. Single.

BROOKS, B.S., ALBERT GEORGE. Born October 4, 1874, at Cleburne, Texas. Teacher in the Texas School for the Deaf at Austin. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Attended Texas School for the Deaf at Austin, 1882-1894; Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. 1894-1899. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Pastime Club; A. B. C.; Texas Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at one, from teething. No deaf relatives. Married August 26, 1908, to Della Williams (deaf). Has two children, both hearing. Wife was supervisor of the blind-deaf children at school. He has been a teacher since 1899.

C

CADWELL, CHALMER. Born Feb. 16, 1884, in Clay County, Ala. Farmer at Pyriton, Ala. Cannot speak or lipread. Uses signs. Attended the Alabama School for the Deaf, Talladega, Ala. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives.

CALDWELL, A. OSCAR. Born Dec. 7, 1870, in Clay County, Ala. Farmer, at Pyriton, Ala. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Attended the Alabama School for the Deaf at Talladega. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Single.

CALLISON, ANNA BRENNER. Born Oct. 10, 1875, at Zanesville, Ohio. Sewing Teacher at the Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus. Lives at 821 High St., Zanesville, Ohio. Cannot speak or lipread; excellent signmaker. Attended Ohio School for the Deaf, 1881-1892. Member Ladies' Aid Society, the National Association of the Deaf and Columbus Branch of the N. A. D.; Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. Lost hearing from brain fever (total). Has one deaf relative. Married, 1902, to Rufus H. Callison (semi-deaf). No children. Husband died a few years ago; was a shipping clerk for a rail road in Huntington, West Va.

CARVER, MARGARET LORETTA DEE. Born Dec. 14, 1879, at New Orleans, La. Can speak, lipread and sign. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge. Born deaf (total). Married, 1909, to M. Loretta Dee (deaf). Has two hearing children (one dead). Worked for Maesin Blanche, the greatest clothing store in the South, before marriage.

CARVER, RALPH. Born June 26, 1872, at Tomah, Wis. Farmer. Can speak but not lipread. Uses signs. Attended the Faribault (Minn.) and Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) Schools for the Deaf. Lost hearing at nine months from scarlet fever. No deaf relatives. Married, 1909, to M. Loretta Dee (deaf). Has two hearing children, one dead. He was in dray business before marriage.

CASTLE, ERMA D. Born at Kempton, Ill. Cabinetmaker with Ballman and Cummings Furniture Company at Fort Smith, Ark. Cannot speak or lipread; signs. Attended Arkansas School, 1890-1902. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf. Married Oma Moore. No deaf relatives. Has one hearing child.

CHENEVERT, MATHIAS MILSON. Born in Lacour, La. Printer and pressfeeder with H. A. Thiberg Printing Co., Lacour, La. Lives at 2700 Constance St. Excellent speaker, lipreader and signmaker. Attended Plancheville, Public School (a hearing school); Louisiana School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge, La. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf (partial). Has one deaf sister. Been a printer and pressfeeder ever since leaving school.

CHERRY, WILLIAM DEWITT. Born 1883, at Canandaigua, N. Y. Bridge riveter and mason helper in Canandaigua. Home address: 234 Pleasant St. Poor speaker and lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf 1887-1902. Member of Loyal Order of Moose and National Protective Legion; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf (Rochester Division.) Lost hearing at age of one from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married Jan. 20, 1916, to Naomi Marian Palma (deaf). No children. Wife was educated at the Rome School for the Deaf. Dressmaker. Was baggagemaster and storekeeper (1913) on steamer Detroit plying between Buffalo and Detroit; captain of school football team, 1891-1901. Scored a 35-yard dropgoal against Wagner College of Rochester (1901) and ran 60 yards for a touchdown against Wagner College (1901). Was professional walker for several years. Figured in six-day walking matches at Watkins and Auburn, N. Y. Got third place at Watkins (1902), 247 miles in 40 hours. Walked 30 miles in 5 hours from Canandaigua to Rochester in 1902. Took part in numerous sprints—usually the 100-yard dash. Hobby—athletics.

CLASSEN, ARTHUR B. Born Oct. 1, 1891, at Tacoma, Wash. Rubberworker with Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., fair lipreader and signmaker. Attended Vancouver School for Akron, Ohio. Lives at 1984 Tonawanda Ave. Can speak; the Deaf, 1898, and entered Gallaudet College in 1911. Member Kappa Gamma Fraternity of Gallaudet College, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Goodyear Silent Athletic Club. Lost hearing at six from spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married 1921, to Miss Stenernagel (deaf). No children. Rubberworker at Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., since June, 1916. Distinguished in athletics while at college and also at Goodyear.

CLOUD, REV., B.A., M.A., D.D. JAMES HENRY. Born April 26, 1862, near Chambersburg, Orange County, Ind. Teacher, principal, clergyman, correspondent. Employed by the Board of Education of St. Louis Public Schools, 3437 Henrietta, St., St. Louis, Mo.; Pastor Christ Church Cathedral St. Louis, Mo. Home address: 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Excellent speaker, fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended

Public Schools of St. Clair County, Ill., 1869-1876; Illinois School for the Deaf, 1876-1880; Gallaudet College five years, between 1880-1886; Chautauqua, N. Y., Summer School, 1887; Harvard University Summer School, 1888; Private Theological Course, 1888-1902. Life member National Association of the Deaf; National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Kappa Gamma; Gallaudet College Alumni; Illinois School Alumni; Missouri State Association; Convention American Instructors of the Deaf; St. Louis Teachers' Annuity; Clergyman's Retiring Fund Society; Conference of Church Workers. Lost hearing at seven supposed to be caused from quinine (partial). No deaf relatives. Married Oct. 4, 1892, to Lulu Olga Herdman (deaf). Has four hearing children, all living; three grandchildren (hearing); all living. Wife graduated from the Illinois School for the Deaf; student of Gallaudet College up to end of Junior year; President O. W. L. S.; President Woman's Guild; prominent church worker. Held the following positions: Monitor, Kendall School, 1885-1886; Supervisor, Illinois School, 1886-1887; Instructor Physical Training, Illinois School, 1887-1889; Assistant Minister All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, 1900; Teacher and principal Gallaudet (Public) Day School for the Deaf, 1890-1921 (to date); Minister and Missionary St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf, 1890-1921 (to date); President Illinois Alumni Association, 1887-1894, and 1908-1911; ordained deacon Trinity Church, Jacksonville, Ill., April 10, 1889; chaplain Unveiling of Gallaudet Statue group, Washington, June, 1889; delegate from Illinois School to First World's Congress of the Deaf, Paris, 1889; toured Europe, 1889; elected Secretary Pennsylvania Association, 1890; member Executive Board National Association of the Deaf, 1889-1907 and 1917-1921 (to date); Chairman Executive Board National Association of the Deaf, 1896-1899 and 1917-1921 (to date); Chairman Local Committee St. Louis Convention N. A. D. and World's Congress, 1900-1904; member Committee representing Convention American Instructors of the Deaf Department of Education, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; Chairman Helen Keller Evening, Missouri State Building, 1904; Secretary N. A. D., 1904-1907; Secretary Gallaudet College Alumni, 1899-1904, and compiler of volume containing minutes of first four meetings; Ordained Priest at Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, Jan. 1, 1893; founder Young America Literary Society, Illinois School; Founder Homes for the Aged Deaf in Illinois and Missouri; President of Conference of Church Workers (Episcopal) 1905-1908; special preacher in restored historic church on Jamestown Island, July 7, 1907; special preacher at the Staunton (1914) and Hartford (1917) Convention of Instructors, the Hartford Convention celebrating the first Centennial of Instructors of the Deaf in America; started the De l'Epee Memorial Statue project at Cleveland Convention N. A. D., 1913, and first Chairman of the De l'Epee Statue Fund Committee, 1913-1917; member of editorial staff of (defunct) *National Exponent*; *Silent Success*; *Silent Churchman*; staff correspondent SILENT WORKER, 1903 to date (1921); elected delegate from St. Louis Division National Fraternal Society of the Deaf to triennial convention in 1912-1915-1918; several times Secretary and President St. Louis Division N. F. S. D.; founder Missouri State Association, 1902; Secretary Missouri State Association, 1906-1909; President Missouri Association, 1915 (two terms) to date, 1921; chaplain dedication new school plant Indiana School for the Deaf, 1913; special preacher and lecturer at State School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, Indianapolis, Philadelphia; Wilkinsburg, Danville, Talledega, Austin, Sulphur, Little Rock, Olathe, Fulton, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Delavan Faribault; chaplain State, alumni and national convention held in District of Columbia, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, California, Indiana, New York, Virginia; lecturer on Current Topics (monthly); readings and special lectures and weekly sermons, St. Louis, 1900 (to date) 1921; St. Louis correspondent to *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* to date, 1921.

CLOUD, LULU OLGA. Born Oct. 26, 1886, at Assumption, Ill. Homemaker, at 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Fair speaker; poor lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended Illinois School for the Deaf, 1877-1888; Gallaudet College, 1888-1892. Member Woman's Guild of St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf; Missouri Woman's Auxiliary; Life member National Association of the Deaf; Honorary member Gallaudet Alumni Association; National O. W. L. S. of Gallaudet College. Lost hearing at four from spotted fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married Oct. 4, 1892, to James H. Cloud (semi-deaf). Has four hearing children, all living; three hearing grandchildren, all living. Very active in the affairs of the deaf. In school, won prizes; one of the founders of the Mutual Improvement Society. Graduated from Illinois School for the Deaf—Salutarian of the Class of 1888. A student of Gallaudet College four years. Charter member of the O. W. L. S. of Gallaudet College, 1891-1902. Appointed President of the Woman's Aid Society, now known as Woman's Guild of St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf—elected its President two years consecutively. Missouri State Collector for the National Sophia Fowler Gallaudet Memorial. Elected President of the National O. W. L. S. of Gallaudet College, 1902-1923.

COBB, CHARLES H. Born, 1896, at Millston, Miss. Farmer and Roadbuilder at Decatur, Miss., where he lives. Excellent speaker; fair lipreader; excellent signmaker. Attended primary, oral, intermediate, manual, advanced manual. Does not mention school attended. Became deaf from scarlet fever (total). Married. Has four hearing children, all living. Successful farmer. Roadbuilder by contracts.

COCHRAN, ORUS OLIVER. Born Feb. 20, 1892, at Hazel Grove, Ark. Shoemaker with Metrailler Shoe Company at East Fourth, Ark. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, 1900-1912. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at two years, cause unknown (total). Married February, 1921, to Mary Ward (deaf). No children. Is an expert at shoe-making and considered best in the South (among the deaf).

COKER CHARLES P. Born at Monticello, Ark. Worker in poultry farm, Rogers Poultry Co., Rogers, Ark. Can speak, lipread and sign. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock. Member National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at seven years—cause unknown. Married. Wife deaf. Has five hearing children, all living. Was a teacher at the Arkansas School for the Deaf, 1899-1919.

COLVERT, FLETCHER. Born in Keo, Ark. Shoe-repair shop proprietor at England, Ark. Lives in England, Ark. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, 1897-1908. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Arkansas Association of the Deaf. Married, 1890, to Effie Hagnil (deaf). Has four hearing children. Has been out in the world just ten years, yet has set up a first-class shoe-repair shop and has purchased a splendid home. Runs his "Ford."

CORBETT, SAMUEL W. Born April 14, 1858, at Belmont County, Ohio. Foreman in Rodefer Glass Co., Bellaire, Ohio. Home address, 2215 Seneca St. Speaks, lipreads and signs well. Attended Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus, 1868-1874. Member Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association; National Association of the Deaf; Chairman St. Elizabeth Guild, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Member Board of Managers Ohio Home for the Deaf. Lost hearing at six years from Scarlet Fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1892, to Mary L. Dundon (deaf). Has three hearing children, all living. No grandchildren. Takes an active interest in the welfare of the deaf of Wheeling, West Va., and of Bellaire, Ohio, socially and religiously, as does his wife.

ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this Department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

ARCHIE BABCOCK---By One Who Saw Him Play



ARCHIE B. BABCOCK, of North Loup, Nebraska, made a name for himself last fall on the football field when he played on the high school football team and was the star player of the season. "Deafy," as he is affectionately called by the boys, was graduated from the Nebraska School for the Deaf at Omaha, Nebraska, last Spring, but as their course was not quite equivalent to a high school, he decided to come back home and enter the high school. Although deaf since a baby Archie Babcock has learned to talk and lip-read and is able to get along real well at a hearing school. While at Omaha in the state school for the deaf he played on their football team and was one of their star players.

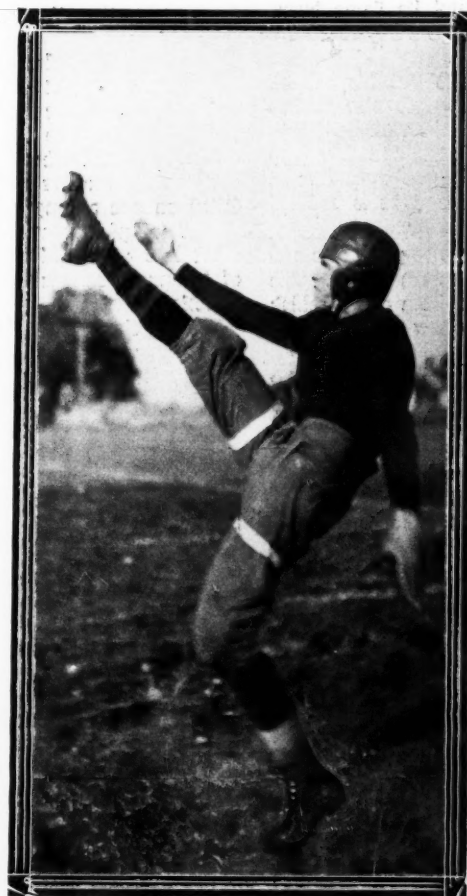
Some of the players and the coach in North Loup thought he could not get the oral signals and hesitated to use him on the team, but some of the boys who knew him insisted that he could and he was given a try-out on the line, where the signals are the least necessary. Later a system of silent signals was developed, so that he could be used in the back field to carry the ball. The coach soon found that he was the fastest and most accurate man he had and more and more as the season went used him in the back field to carry the ball. It was found that Archie could read the signals from their lips when he could see them and when he could not, intuition and keen eyesight told him what to do.

At the first of the season Archie was used on the line as tackle on offensive plays and in the back field on defensive plays, but before the season was over he was used mostly in the backfield, part of the

time to carry the ball and the rest of the time to either open the line for another player with the ball or run interference for the other man.

"Deafy" Babcock was by far the star man of the North Loup football team this year, which won five games by shut-out scores, lost one game to a much heavier team and tied one game. The team piled up a total of 204 points to their opponents 35. "Deafy" was the most consistent ground gainer, the best tackle and the fastest man on the team. His keen eye-sight and intuition told him what and where to play. He could carry the ball for big gains or he could run the finest interference seen in high school football here for years. He was equally good in defensive work as on offensive work. Open field running, broken field running, guarding, tackling or running interference were all the same to him.

"Deafy" moreover did not care where he played. He would just as soon play the obscure position of tackle to the sensational position of half back, for he knew it was just as important and that he could play it just as well as any place else. He did not play to the grandstand or the sidelines, or to the girls, who were yelling for him. When he played football he played football and nothing else. He played clean but hard. The



ARCHIE B. BABCOCK

plaudits of the rooters did not turn his head, because he could not hear them, and knew nothing about them until afterwards, when some of the boys would tell him. Praise pleased him but did not turn his head.

"Deafy" could only play part of the season because he was 21 years old on the last day of October, which made him ineligible for high school

football. The team was held to a tie score in the next game after he was lost, and the boys on the team say that "Deafy" on the team would have inspired them to play harder and to have won the game if his own individual efforts alone had not done it. His spirit of hard, clean fighting was always an inspiration to the rest of the team.

After "Deafy" Babock became ineligible for further participation in high school football, he was given a place as end on the North Loup town team and played several brilliant games, and showed up just as well playing with and against men and former college stars as he did against high school boys. He is not large, only weighing about 135 pounds and being only about 5 ft. 7 inches tall, but is strong, hard, wiry and very fast.

The picture herewith shows him kicking. It was taken a year ago at Omaha, Nebraska.

COLLEGE SPIRIT vs SCHOOL SPIRIT

Talk about college spirit. Where does it begin? In the college? Certainly not. Where then? In the schools, of-course. It is born and nurtured in those places. It rises to the greatest height there, and its flame burns clear through college days. It even helps a boy to adhere to fine ideals throughout his career.

For the school hero nothing counts but his school. With the college boy it is different. His star flashes through a larger orbit. The voices of the world come to his ears. They are very pleasant to hear, and they help him to endure the toil and inspire him to fight harder. If he is injured, the world knows it, and he is coddled with sympathy. He is compensated.

But the school boy has only his mates to cheer him and only his girl, if he has one, to come to his games. The game and the school are his all, free from every selfish stain. He does not know it, but he is now at his highest, happiest hour.

So after all the school boy plays a more and harder game than any college boy. Of-course he does not play as well, but if we take into consideration size and weight, and mental capacity, he gives more to the game than any one. He does not save a single ounce of strength for the next game. He gives his all to his school in every struggle. His spirit is without blemish of selfishness and his endeavor is supreme.

MARLOWES LOSE CRUCIAL BATTLE WITH GOODYEAR OUTFIT 28-0 SUNDAY

By Kay Barr of Akron Press

Silents 7 14 7 0-28
Marlowes 0 0 0 0-0

That tells the story of the deciding game for the semi-professional football championship of the state of Ohio.

Merits of the title contenders, as they appeared at Seiberling Field Sunday, are fairly measured by the score.

However, this result is not quite a fair criterion of the teams at their best.

Marlowes offer no alibi. They went into the contract knowing that five of their regulars were unable to play.

Several of those who were in the lineup were not fit to combat the fiercely aggressive attack of the physically better Silents, Sunday.

But to satisfy the fans and to settle the dispute, the Marlowes were game enough to do their nerry best and their gameness entitles them to a lot of credit regardless of the score.

Betting was at 2 to 1 and 5 to 3, Silents to win. Other Silent money was offered at even that they would make 13 more points than the Marlowes. Wagers were small and few.

Cripples Excel In Open Play

Marlowes completed five forward passes failed on four and had two intercepted. Silents completed one, failed on four and had two intercepted.

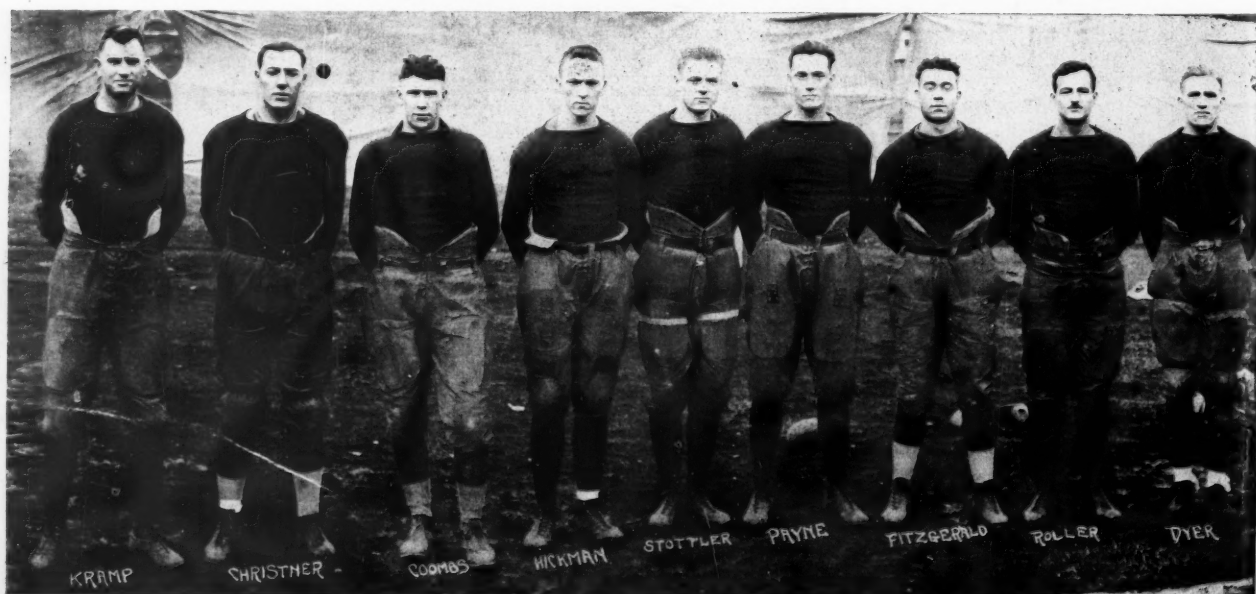
Marlowes made six first downs and the Silents made 18. Marlowes punted 11 times and the Silents two. Silents failed on one attempt for field goal and on one try for goal from placement.

Wallace of the Marlowes was the kicking star, most of his punts carrying well and having both height and direction.

Several times the Silents were penalized for holding, and Deer was put out of the game for slugging in the final period. Up to that time he had been playing brilliantly. Both of the Silents halfbacks were on the job and the line was uniformly effective.

Mostade, Wallace and Kerner starred for the Marlowes, altho Mostade lost 12 yards when he was cornered in a try for forward pass and did not drop the ball before being tackled.

The Marlowes were unable to hold their heavier oppo-



onts and with Seinensohn, Deer and Davis able to make gains anytime during the game on line plunges the losers were outplayed thruout the entire setto.

Deer scored first for the winners in the first quarter of play. After a beautiful 20-yard run which placed the ball on the Marlowes' 12-yard line, Deer went over for the first touchdown and Roller kicked goal, Davis' 60-yard run in the second period of play for a touchdown was the feature of the game. Davis scored another touchdown on a line plunge during the same period of play. Seinensohn made the last touchdown after Davis had made a gain of 25 yards on an end run which placed the ball on the 15-yard line. Roller kicked all four goals after touchdown.

O O O

SILENTS PILE UP 263 POINTS DURING SEASON

By defeating the Marlowes of Akron the Goodyear Silents copped the semi-pro football championship of Ohio and vicinity for the third consecutive year. They played twelve games, winning eleven and losing one. This one was to the Massillon Blues at Massillon. It was a slug-fest rather than a game of football and was not recognized by the cities throughout the state of Ohio, including Massillon itself as the editorial below proves:

Let Massillon Have Clean Sport, or None

Massillon fans Thursday witnessed an exhibition of alleged football, of which it may be heartily ashamed.

Massillon is known throughout several states as a patron of clean sport. Local followers pay their money to see clean sport and when clean sport is not forthcoming, the patrons are cheated, disgusted. Besides dishonor is brought upon the city.

Reports of Thursday's game indicate that some of the most important rules of the game were wantonly and flagrantly violated by the Massillon players. Had a platform been built, the players paired off and allowed to settle the question of supremacy with their fists the mantle of respectability would have been dropped over what at times was nothing short of a free-for-all fist fight.

According to news reports, scarcely a scrimmage occurred that did not bring exchange of blows between players. By the time the game was over, feeling had reached such a point that a single blow touched off a near-riot which continued until it died a natural death, in spite of the presence of a policeman. Several players were sent from the field by an official who would have been helpless had they decided to disobey.

And besides Massillon was defeated by Sebring and the Columbus Pirates both of which the Silents defeated.

We, and we are certain all the rest of the deaf of the country join us, congratulate the management and players upon such a splendid showing, and we hope to see it repeated in all other sports.

Here is the Silent's record for the 1921 football season:

Silents 24.....	Lorain	0
Silents 27.....	Independents	0
Silents 0.....	Massillon	0
Silents 75.....	Ashtabula	0
Silents 14.....	Sebring	13
Silents 14.....	Pirates	0
Silents 40.....	Lorain	16
Silents 14.....	St. Edwards	0
Silents 7.....	Massillon	12
Silents 0.....	Marlowes	0
Silents 20.....	Barberton	0
Silents 28.....	Marlowes	0

O O O

FOOTBALL AT THE TEXAS SCHOOL

The 1921 football team has without doubt been one of the highest teams that has ever represented old T. S. D., but what they lacked in weight the little fellows made up in speed and fighting spirit.

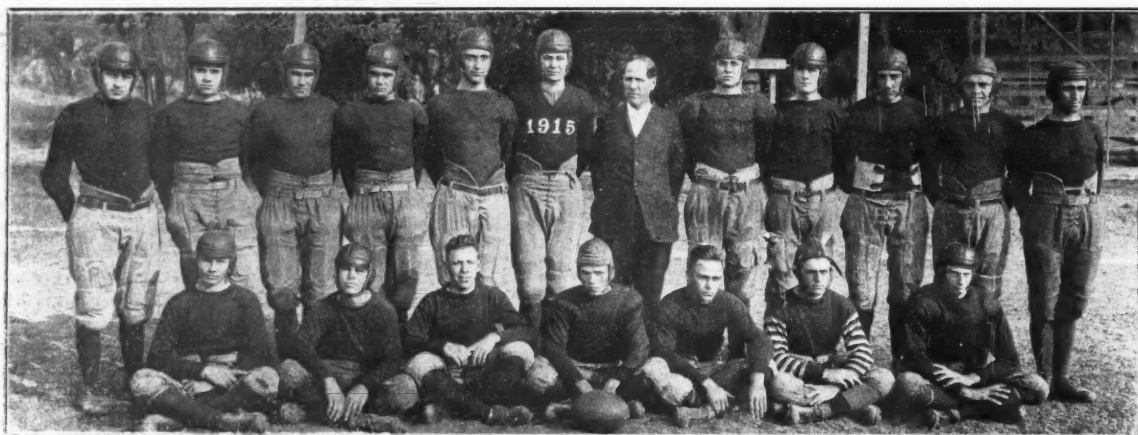
To look at the results of the games played one would not judge that the season has been a successful one, but when you take into consideration the fact that four of the seven games played were against colleges and academies, their record is indeed wonderful.

The season's results:—

T. S. D.		Oppon.
6	Temple H. S.	7
0	St. Edwards College	48
13	Lockhart H. S.	6
0	South Texas Normal	20
14	Allen Academy	27
35	Lockhart H. S.	0
16	South Texas Normal	6
84		114

The team lost to Temple High School by one point, in a game played after only three days practice, and it will





FIRST TEAM—1921—OF THE TEXAS SCHOOL.

Standing:—Anderson, h.b.; Kerr, c.; R. Sutherland, h.b.; G. Sutherland, (c) f.b.; Lange, g.; Hill, Coach; Dr. Shuford, Supt.; Day, g.; Myers, c.; Shuford, t.; Bruns, t.; Lewis, g.; Sitting:—Saffel, h.b.; Harold Rudolph, h.b.; Justiss, c.; Carlson, c.; Harry Rudolph, q.; Middaugh, t.; Stokes, c.

be interesting to note that our boys are the only ones to hold Temple H. S. to less than 3 touchdowns this year, and that only one other team scored upon them.

The Allen Academy team was slated to beat us by about 80 points, according to past performances. The last time we played them they won 71 to 0, so we are justified in considering the 7 to 14 defeat suffered at their hands as a moral victory, especially when you consider that the team was on the train all night with no sleep, the night before the game.

The St. Edwards College team, was simply a case of too much beef, they outweighed us 35 pounds.

As for the Normal team, we sure picked them clean in the return game played on our grounds, and had sweet revenge for the defeat suffered earlier at San Marcos.

o o o

THE ILLINOIS SCHOOL

Last fall was the Illinois school's first venture in football. Its uniforms were late in arriving so that they were able to play only one game. This was with the Missouri school, which they won 7 to 6. Much of the credit of the

good showing of the team can be attributed to Robey Burns, its coach. With him again at the helm next fall, great things are expected of the team.

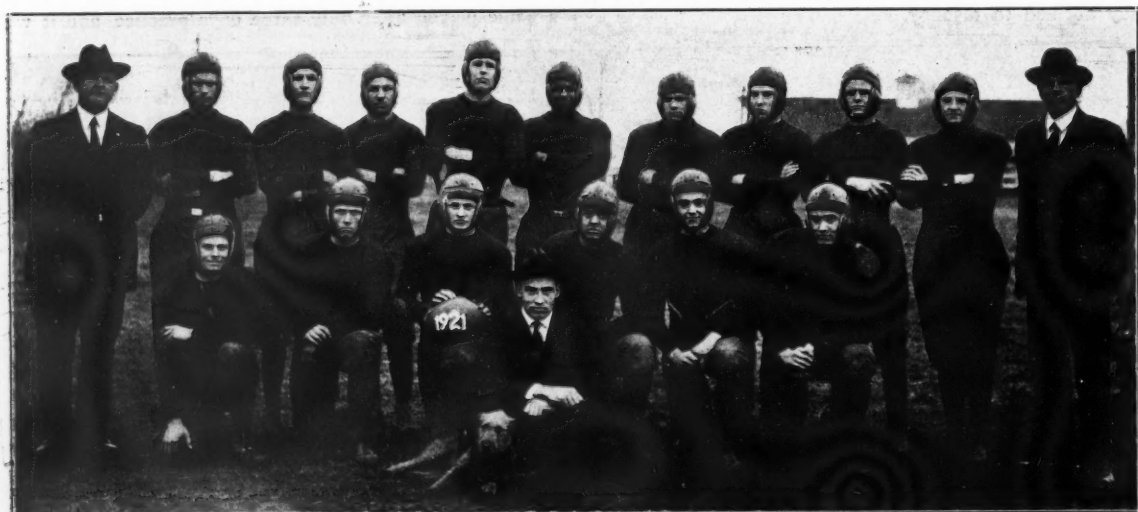
o o o

The Tennessee School, especially Lung-wind F. G. Fancher, please note.

The Board of Control of the Yale Athletic Association has passed a ruling permitting the members of the Eli student band to wear a blue armband with a white "Y." The Bulldog musical award is in keeping with the innovations introduced recently by several other colleges to repay their men of note. Lafayette's band appeared some weeks ago togged out in a Maroon and White uniform on which a L. A. A. B. insignia occupied a very important place. When Boston College sent its musical organization to attend the game with Fordham the Beaneater Sousas sported sweaters with distinctive arm decorations.—Clipping.

o o o

We regret that we have been obliged to omit much material. We hope to have it in our next issue.—Ed.



FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE ILLINOIS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Top row:—Colonel Smith, Managing Officer; J. Minton, r.t.; W. Mannen, r.e.; A. Wolz, r.g.; G. Carlson, c.; Poole, sub.; Szoszkowski, f.b.; C. Sellers, l.g.; T. Dillard, sub.; W. Rose, r.h.b.; Geo. Putman, Principal. Bottom row:—W. Johnson, sub.; O. Nail, sub.; L. Massinkoff, Captain and q.; C. Crabbe, l.e.; W. Maack, l.t.; L. Clark, l.h.b.; Caddie, mascot, and S. R. Burns, Coach at the center.

The Deaf of Other Days

Pageant Fantasy By Selwyn Oxley in 10 Episodes. Adapted for Acting by the Deaf in the Silent Language. Approximate Time in Performance, Three Hours. Approximately 80 Photographs Can be Taken from the Episodes in Toto

(Continued from December Number)

EPISODE V.

PEDRO PONCE

(Spain, 1584.)

1. Recreation in monastery.* (Boys' art work, etc.) Ponce tells his friend of his mission to Castille.
- 2.* The Constable and his deaf children.
- 3.* Ponce comes in.
- 4.* Ponce teaches children. (Games, etc.)
5. The father and mother take leave of Ponce.
- 6.* Ponce writing his book.
- 7.* Ponce hands his book to the Abbot of the monastery as a gift.

If desired, an 8th Incident, Death of Ponce, can be added. Allow 20 minutes.

*Photographs---about 6.

Persons Represented:

PEDRO PONCE	}	Monks
JUAN		
DON CASTRO		Abbot
CONTABLE OF CASTILLE		A Spanish noble
COUNTESS		His wife
TWO DEAF AND DUMB BOYS		Children of
DEAF AND DUMB GIRL		Constable and Countess
MONKS, SERVANTS, ETC.		

SCENE I.—Room in a Monastery, Spain. PEDRO PONCE, JUAN and other MONKS at recreation.

JUAN. 'Tis surprising how quickly the days go by. Again one is taken unawares by the hour of recreation.

PONCE. Yes, when one is constantly at work that is so. It seems but yesterday that I was talking with the Father Abbot of that English Bishop, Alcock of Ely, who visited this place some years ago.

JUAN. Who was he, and what did he here?

PONCE. He visited our Court of Castille as Henry of England's ambassador; and, being, as we are, concerned with the Benedictine Order, was fain to do us some service.

JUAN. And what, then, did he do?

PONCE. He left several books, which now repose in our library. You remember that old copy of Bede with the finely-executed letterpress? It seems that that book was most precious to him, for it is told of his own patron saint, one John of Beverley, where he was at school.

JUAN. But what had John to do with Beverley?

PONCE. Bede, the writer, was ordained by him, and our other books relate that he founded an order of monks and nuns in that place and was for many years much sought after. Agincourt, they say, he won for the English by his prayers to God; and Julian of Norwich, of whom we read a while ago, saw him in a vision of suffering as one who had repented of sins and been forgiven.

JUAN. But why did Bishop Alcock bring the book here?

PONCE. He valued it much, and wanted us to study the life and times of Bede and those whom he served.

JUAN. How knowest thou these things?

PONCE. By my study. Loving the past, as I do, I took this book to read and meditate upon.

JUAN. And hast thou learned aught of it?

PONCE. Yes; one point sticks in my mind. For thou knowest that I have always loved those who do not hear, since I saw the good Constable's three little ones who are deaf the last time I visited the place, their father at the time of my visit being at sea? It seems this John of Beverley had once helped such a one by means of speech; and I asked the Father Abbot if I might go to see his old friend, our Constable, and try to make them speak.

JUAN. And what did he reply?

PONCE. He said that not only are they absolutely deaf, but also dumb as well.

JUAN. Poor man, indeed!

PONCE. He asked me questions, and I persuaded him of my medical studies and my love for the deaf, and he will let me set out within a month, when the Constable returns from his inspection of the Province.

JUAN. And how long wilt thou be gone?

PONCE. I shall have leave of absence for a month, and then must return to report what I have done.

JUAN. And when wilt thou set off?

PONCE. The first day of the new month that starts next week.

JUAN. I shall miss thy friendship, but will pray for the success of thy holy mission of mercy, and I hope God will allow thee to succeed.

PONCE. I trust He will. But now we must go to our cells again as the hour hath fled right fast, and I have much to set in order before I go. Fare thee well, good friend! (They separate.)

SCENE II.—A castle in Castille. COUNTESS discovered sitting with her three deaf and dumb children.

COUNTESS. Ah! poor little ones! If you could only speak and bear your father and myself company, how joyful a thing would it be! (An ATTENDANT knocks and enters.)

ATTENDANT. There is a monk without who fain would see you and the Master.

COUNTESS. A monk!

ATT. Yes, my lady. He says he has travelled from San Salvador at Ona, and hath business of some importance.

COUNTESS. Go, fetch your Master, then, and bid the monk come hither, and we will speak with him. Then give him food and drink, and lodging for the night. (ATTENDANT goes out. Enter CONSTABLE.)

CON. What is this? A monk to visit our Court? What business can he have?

COUNTESS. 'Tis beyond my powers of guessing.

CON. Well, let him be fed and entertained this night; but first send him here.

COUNTESS. I have sent Don Walter for him. (ATTENDANT returns with PONCE.)

CON. I am told you desire converse with us.

PONCE. That is so, my lord.

CON. What is thy business?

PONCE. 'Tis quickly said. I am Pedro Ponce, of San Salvador at Ona, sent hither by Don Castro, the Abbot (shows note). as I have studied matters of medicine and could, I believe, educate thy deaf children.

COUNTESS. Oh! if only you could.

PONCE. I believe it can be done, if you will but entrust the task to me.

CON. And so you think you are able to perform such a task as this—making my little ones to speak?

PONCE. Yes, my lord; I will try my best to do you credit and give them the speech they need so much.

COUNTESS. You understand they are completely deaf?

PONCE. I do, indeed! For I saw them once when in Leon, at a function of your Court.

CON. If Don Castro have sent him, it surely will be well. (To PONCE.) What was his order?

PONCE. To visit thee and crave permission to do my best for thy children, and return in thirty days with thy report on progress made.

CON. Since good Don Castro sent thee, it is well. They shall come in to thee. (Goes out and returns with the three children.)

COUNTESS. What led thee to such a study as this?

PONCE. It thus happened, madam. When I was studying various manuscripts and other weighty matters at the monastery where I dwell; I came across a Latin work by one Bede, an Englishman of some account. Being drawn thereto, I perused its pages and read how one John, a Bishop of some fame in those parts, had one day made a dumb boy speak. This I pondered on and resolved to ask the Father Abbot if I might visit thee and see if I could not be of some use to these little ones of thine, whose plight so touched my heart one day in Leon.

COUNTESS. The task will be one that will search all thy talents out.

(PONCE then goes up to the three children, takes them by the hand and gradually wins their confidence. The scene closes when he has taken the youngest on his knee, with the other two eagerly signifying by gesture their wish to share this place of honour.)

SCENE III.—The same, three weeks later. PONCE is seen with the three children, as before; but now he is teaching them simple sounds which he tries to make each say in turn. This done, he signs to the eldest boy to go and bring his parents, meanwhile continuing the lesson. In a few moments the CONSTABLE enters.

CON. See, I have come with the lad here. Dost thou need us?

PONCE. I sent him for thee so that thou couldst make the report I must next week take to Don Castro. For you will remember my stay was but a month, and then I had to make my report in person.

CON. If favourable, thou wilt return?

PONCE. Yes, indeed, if I am allowed.

CON. I feel sure Don Castro will yield to my earnest request. But now to our judgment. What is thine own finding, good friend?

PONCE. I have been reading in the Latin book I spoke of written by the Englishman Bede, and the tale is certainly hopeful of a cure. I can but continue.

CON. By all means do so. If only my children might speak and call me Father!

PONCE. Sire, do not despair. Time must show the cure. Only today I got them to make sounds like letters.

CON. This is indeed good news. They shall triumph over adversity even yet.

PONCE. 'Tis indeed to be hoped so—and I believe with patience it can be done.

CON. I will go and fetch my spouse. She shall see thy work for herself and judge thereon.

PONCE. So do. (CONSTABLE goes off, and PONCE continues teaching. CONSTABLE returns with COUNTESS.)

COUNTESS. And is this true: my children utter sounds of letters?

PONCE. If your ladyship will listen, I will let them show you what they do.

COUNTESS. I am all impatience!

PONCE. I will no longer delay. (Calls up the children, and gets them in turn to say vowel sounds.)

COUNTESS & CONSTABLE. 'Tis in truth a marvel! This is a deed we shall not forget.

PONCE. Ah! but wait a while, and we will try to make them worthy offspring of thine house. (He goes on experimenting with the children, after which all go off the stage and the scene closes.)

SCENE IV.—The same, a year later. PONCE, greeting PAR-ENTS.

CON. What dost thou propose to do today, good friend?

PONCE. I hope to show my boast to thee is no vain jest but very truth. Since thy travels began I have not been idle, but have persevered.

COUNTESS. This will indeed be a joyful home-coming.

PONCE. Let me go to bring the children in, and prepare them for this lesson (exit).

CON. What miracle will he not do next? A very marvel! the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

COUNTESS. Remember that it hath been done before, he says. (Sounds of children are heard, and PONCE re-enters with the three.)

CHILDREN. Father! Mother!

COUNTESS & CONSTABLE. Darlings! how we rejoice to hear you say those words!

PONCE. Ah! they shall say more yet. (He speaks to them inaudibly.)

COUNTESS. What dost thou say?

PONCE. I told them to get a book. (CHILDREN go to a table and fetch a book.) Now read, my child. (GIRL reads a short passage and the BOYS continue in turn.)

COUNTESS & CONSTABLE (embracing PONCE). Good friend, we know not how to thank you. The miracle you have wrought shall spread throughout the world, and no longer shall the deaf be dumb. Ask what thou wilt and it shall be thine! (Scene closes.)

SCENE V.—A cell in the monastery. PONCE dying. ABBOT and JUAN by his side.

ABBOT. Thou need'st not fear, good brother. Thou hast done a great work in making three dumb to speak.

PONCE. Yea, thanks be to God for allowing this work to be done! My last message to thee, good brother Abbott and to thee, friend Juan, is to keep carefully this method, which I have written out in my spare time. See ye and witness that I leave it in your charge as my death-offering to this place I love so well. Take care of it and use it for the benefit of all deaf children.

ABBOT. It shall be as you wish. Right gladly do I put it in the care of thy most devoted friend, Brother Juan.

PONCE. And thou wilt accept the charge?

JUAN. Right gladly, brother. It is an honour to be assigned a trust such as this. (PONCE hands him a manuscript which he reverently accepts.)

PONCE. I die in peace. Proceed with the office. (The curtain falls whilst the two monks take out their office missals and begin to read.)

END OF EPISODE V.

(to be continued)

A TIME-TESTED CHARACTER

They were trying an Irishman charged with a petty offense, when the judge asked: "Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?"

"Yes, your Honor," quickly responded the Celt; "there's the sheriff."

Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement. "Why, your Honor," declared he, "I don't even know the man." "Observe, your Honor," said the Irishman triumphantly—"observe that I've lived in the country for twelve years and the sheriff doesn't know me! Ain't that a character for ye?"

For subscription offers, see list on front inside cover.



Portrait of Marshall Joffre, entirely made with used postage stamps by a deaf lady, Mme. Alice Decelay, who offered the original to the Marshal.

Detroit Deaf Pupils Win Spelling Contest Against Great Odds

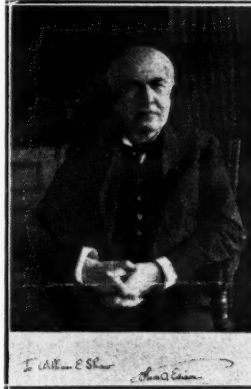
As example of what can be accomplished against overwhelming odds the deaf children in the Goldberg School Annex are entitled to distinction. What they have just done in spite of the handicap of deafness might well serve other schoolboys and girls in Detroit as an inspiring object lesson.

When the city-wide spelling contest opened, no one had an idea that these deaf children would be contenders for some of the many prizes given by The News to the best spellers in our schools. Deafness is a serious handicap in learning to spell. These children have had much more to learn than pupils who are not deaf have to learn. It must be remembered that there was a long time in the life of these deaf children when they were also unable to make their wants known through oral speech such as those of us who are not deaf.

There was a long time when they could neither hear nor utter the words in which the rest of us communicate ideas to each other. They had to be taught to read the lips of those who speak to them. The sounds of letters and words mean nothing to them. They have to use their eyes to see what is being said to them.

How great this handicap is can scarcely be imagined by one who is not deaf and can utter freely the sounds he hears. With our ears we can readily detect sounds and letters in words which may easily be repeated by those who learn to speak without the laborious process which these deaf children must undergo before they learn to hear by sight and to speak. They must train their eyes to detect the way in which letters and words are formed by the lips and the tongue and by the other vocal organs.

And still in spite of this great handicap when the deaf children were pitted against some normal children in a spelling contest the other day they gave good account of themselves. They forced the normal children to extend



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themselves and even then the deaf children were beaten by only a narrow margin.

Even if the story stopped here, it would be a splendid victory for the deaf children. But there came later another contest for which the normal children, realizing what they were up against, had prepared carefully. In this contest victory crowned the efforts of the deaf children. In spite of their great handicap these children spelled down their opponents. This should give all something to think about.—*Detroit Press*.



Miss Nellie Rice and Mrs. W. H. Christian of Atlanta.
Miss Rice is to be married soon to Mr. John Blansit,
a brother of Mrs. W. H. Christian.

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CHURCH MISSIONS TO THE DEAF

(Protestant Episcopal)

Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes: New York District. Rev. John H. Kent, pastor, 511 West 148th St., New York City. St. Ann's Church every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and 2nd Sunday each month 9 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 8 P.M. Except first Sunday of the month.

Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places by appointment.

Office Hours at Guild House: Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to 8:30; except Monday and Thursday.

All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Sixteenth St., Above Alleghany Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Pastor, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, 3226 N. 16th Street. Services every Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion on the third Sunday of the month. Bible Class about 4:15 P.M. Meetings in the Parish House. Cleric Literary Association every Thursday evening after 8 P.M. Pastoral Aid Society, every Thursday afternoon, from 2 to 5 P.M. Local Branch, P. S. A. D. every third Saturday evening after 8 P.M. All Souls' Social Club, by appointment.

Dioceses of Washington, Virginia, Southern Virginia, Southwestern Virginia, West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, Missionary in charge, 501 Eye St., N. E., Washington, D. C. Mr. Joseph S. Rosenbloom, Lay Reader, Richmond, Va. Mr. John C. Bremer, Lay Reader, Wheeling, W. Va. Mr. James N. Orman, Lay Reader, Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C., Parish Hall of St. John's Church, 16th and H Sts., N. W. (opposite the White House.) Services every Sunday, at 11:15 A. M. Holy Communion on the First Sunday of each month; On other Sundays, the Litany, Ante Communion, and Morning Prayer, in the sequence named.

Richmond, Va. (White)—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverly Sts. Services on Second Sunday, at 11 A. M. Bible Class on other Sundays. Literary Society meets Friday evenings. (Colored)—St. Philip's Church, Leigh and St. James Pls. Services on second Sunday, at 2 P. M. Bible Class on other Sundays.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Granby and Bute Sts. Services on Second Sunday, at 7:45 P. M.

Charleston, W. Va.—St. John's Church, Quarrier St. and 5th Ave. Services on Friday preceding Fourth Sunday, at 7:45 P. M.

Huntington, W. Va.—Trinity Church, Fifth Ave. and 11th St. Services on Saturday preceding Fourth Sunday, at 7:45 P. M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church. Services on Fourth Sunday, 7:15 P. M. Bible Class on other Sundays, at 3 P. M. Services at Newport News, Va., Lynchburg, Va., Staunton, Va., Roanoke, Va., Parkersburg, W. Va., Grafton, W. Va., Fairmont, W. Va., Clarksburg, W. Va., Romney, W. Va., and at other places by special appointment.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission. Parish of Trinity Church, Boston. Rev. G. H. Hefflon, minister in charge. Mrs. C. M. Chase, Parish Visitor. Services every Sunday at 11:15 A.M. in the Parish House Hall, adjoining Trinity Church, Copley Square. Entrance on Clarendon Street. The mission is regularly working in these cities of New England: Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport and Waterbury, Conn.; Boston, Lowell, Salem, Lynn, Worcester, Springfield, Haverhill, and Pittsfield, Mass. Providence, R. I., and Portland, Maine. The Lay Readers are: Messrs. E. C. Luther and W. G. Durian, of Hartford; Preston Barr, Jr., of Worcester; J. S. Light and E. W. Frisbee, of Boston.

Dioceses of Albany, Central New York, and Western New York. Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, M. A., in charge; address, 1518 Kemble St., Utica, N. Y. Principal Stations: Albany, Gloversville, Hudson, Ilion, Schenectady, Troy; Binghamton, Elmira, Oneida, Rome, Syracuse, Utica, Watertown; Auburn, Batavia, Buffalo, Canandaigua, Jamestown,

Lockport, Rochester; other places by appointment.

Maryland Diocesan Missions to the Deaf. Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md. Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services every Sunday 3:15 P.M. All Saints' Mission, All Saints' Church, Frederick, Md. Services on the Second Sunday of the month, 11 A. M. St. John's Mission, St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Md. Services on the Second Sunday of the month, 8 P.M. Emmanuel Mission, Emmanuel Church, Cumberland, Md. Services on the Monday following the Second Sunday of each month, 8 P.M.

Society for the Promotion of Church Work among the Deaf. Province of Washington. President: Rev. F. C. Smielau, Selins Grove, Pa.; Vice-President: Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Secretary: Rev. O. J. Whildin, Baltimore, Md. Treasurer: Mr. Arthur Boehm, 409 Charles St., Baltimore, Md. Co-Workers: Rev. H. J. Pulver, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Warren M. Smaltz, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Thomas's Mission for the Deaf, St. Louis. (Protestant Episcopal). Chapel and Parish House of Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, The Rev. J. H. Cloud, D. Minister. 2606 Virginia Avenue. Sunday School, All Sundays, September to June, 9:30 A. M. Miss Hattie L. Deem, Teacher. Bible Class, Second and Fourth Sundays, 9:30 A. M. Mrs. Lulu O. Cloud, Teacher. Woman's Guild, First Thursdays, 2 P. M., at Homes of Members. Mrs. Selma Burgher, President, Nation Wide Campaign Committee. Meetings by appointment, Miss Annie M. Roper Chairman. Service and Sermon, All Sundays, 10:45 A. M. Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P. M. Other services lectures, meetings by special appointment.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf: St. Paul's Pro Cathedral Parish House, 523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles. Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary in charge. Mrs. Alice M. Andrews Parish Visitor. Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3:00 P.M. Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P. M. All the Deaf Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M. cordially invited.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church Eighth Street, between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way. Rev. T. H. Acheson, Pastor, Mrs. J. M. Keith, Mute Interpreter. Sabbath School—2 P. M. Sermon—3 P. M. Christian Endeavor—4:15 P. M. Everybody welcome.

Rev. Hobart Lorraine Tracy, missionary to the Deaf in Louisiana. Holds services in other parts of the Province of Seawee, which includes the whole southeastern states, when free from school work.

Dioceses of Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh and Erie. Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, M.A., General Missionary. P. O. Address, Box 23, Selins Grove, Pa. Services are held once a month at the following places:—First Sunday: Morning—St. James, Lancaster. Afternoon, St. John's, York. Evening—St. Andrew's, Harrisburg. Second Sunday: Morning—Trinity, Easton. Afternoon—Mediator, Allentown. Evening—Christ, Reading. Third Sunday: Morning—St. Mark's, Johnstown. Afternoon—Christ, Greensburg. Evening—Trinity, Pittsburgh. Fourth Sunday: Morning—St. Peter's, Hazleton. Afternoon—St. Luke's, Scranton. Evening—St. Stephen's, Wilkes Barre. At Williamsport, Shamokin, Altoona, Erie, Franklin, Oil City and elsewhere, services are held by special appointment.

THE MID-WESTERN MISSION TO THE DEAF

The Rev. A. A. Abbott, Treas., 2021 E. 22nd St., Cleveland, Ohio. The Rev. Clarence W. Charles General Missionary, 472 South Ohio Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Dioceses of Ohio. Monthly services in Cleveland, Akron, Canton, Youngstown, Toledo and Lima; occasional services in Tiffin, Mansfield, Marion and Fremont. Collins S. Sawhill, lay reader in Cleveland with weekly services; Wm. F. Durian, lay reader for Akron and Canton with monthly services.

Diocese of Southern Ohio. Monthly services in Columbus, Cincinnati, Piqua; bi-monthly in Springfield, Dayton, Middletown; occasionally in Zanesville, Bellaire, Newark, Portsmouth and Hamilton. Weekly Bible class in Columbus, A. W. Ohelmacher, chairman, several persons taking turns as leaders.

Diocese of Indianapolis. Monthly services in

Indianapolis and Anderson; bi-monthly in Richmond and Terre Haute.

Diocese of Michigan. Monthly services in Detroit and Flint; bi-monthly in Lansing and Jackson; occasionally in Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor. Weekly Bible class in Detroit in morning. Peter McNulty, chairman, and Rion Hoel teacher; and prayer meeting in evening, R. V. Jones, leader.

Diocese of Western Michigan. Bi-monthly services in Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo.

LUTHERAN MISSIONS FOR THE DEAF. **New York Mission.** Rev. A. Boll, 192 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y. New York, Parish House, 145th St. and Convent Ave., Sunday School for pupils of the N. Y. Institution for the Deaf, 9 A. M., third floor. Service or instruction at 10:45 A. M. Brooklyn, Immanuel Lutheran Church, 177 S. 9th St., every Sunday, 3 P. M. Jersey City, 204 Lembeck Ave., monthly, first Sunday, 8 P. M. Kingston, N. Y., 22 Livingston St., by appointment.

Evangelical Lutheran Deaf-Mute Institute. Detroit, Michigan: The Deaf Church of our Savior. Church on Pulford, off Meldrum. Services and Bible study every Sunday and holy day at 10:30 A.M.

Flint, Michigan: Preaching station. Services in Y. M. C. A. Time: The last Sunday in Jan. and every second month thereafter. Bible Study 9:30. Preaching service 10:30 A.M.

Saginaw: Preaching station. Services in school hall of Lutheran Church, corner Cherry and Ninth. Time: The last Sunday in January and every second month thereafter, at 2 P. M.

New Haven, Mich.: Preaching station: Services in school of Lutheran Church. Time: Last Sunday of February and every second month thereafter, at 10:30 A. M.

Toledo, Ohio: The Ev. Luth. Congregation of the Deaf. Services: First Sunday of every month 2 P. M. Central time, 3 P. M. Eastern time. Place: Ev. Luth. Church at corner of Vance and Ewing.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.: The Ev. Luth. Deaf St., John's Church. Services every second Sunday of each month, at 10:00 A.M. Place: Rest room of St. Paul's Church, at Barr and Madison.

Cleveland Mission. Rev. O. C. Schroeder, 928 Selwyn Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland first and third Sundays. Akron, Jenera and Columbus, Ohio, by appointment, Pittsburgh, Pa., 2nd Sunday.

Fort Wayne Mission. Rev. E. W. Bohn, 715 Madison St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Ft. Wayne, Ind., Lutheran School, Barr and Madison Sts., monthly, last Sunday, 8 P. M. (May, Oct., 4th Sunday.)

Lutheran Services for the Deaf. Chicago Mission: Rev. A. C. Dahms, 2028 Cortez St., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Bethlehem Church, N. Paulina & McReynolds Sts. Sundays May 1—Oct. 31, 10:30 A.M.; Nov. 1—April 30, 2:30 P.M.

South Bend, Ind., Lutheran School, 410 W. Jefferson St., monthly, second Wednesday, 8 P.M.

Elgin, Ill., Lutheran School, Spring & Dexter, monthly, second Monday 7:30 P. M.

Crystal Lake, Ill., monthly, on appointed Sunday.

Bremen, Ind., St. Joseph, Mich., by appointments.

Milwaukee Mission. Rev. T. M. Wangerin, 1711 Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Emmanuel Lutheran Church, services every Sunday at 10 A.M. and other holy days. Oshkosh, Wis., Trinity Lutheran Church, Bowen and School Sts., monthly 2nd Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Sheloygan, Wis., St. Mark's Church, Ontario and North 7th Sts., monthly 3rd Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Racine, Wis., St. John's Church, Erie and Kewaunee Sts., monthly 3rd Sunday at 3 P.M. Manitowoc, Wis., Trinity Church, St. Clair Ave. and North 10th St., bi-monthly, 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. La Crosse, Merrill and Wausau, Wis., by appointment. Delavan State School, Sundays by appointment.

Minneapolis Mission. Rev. J. L. Salvner, 1221 22nd Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. Minneapolis, Grace Chapel, Girard and 22nd Ave. N., Sundays and other holy days, 11 A. M. Duluth, Y. M. C. A. monthly, fourth Sunday, 8 P. M. Sioux Falls, S. D., Zion School, first Wednesday, 7:45 P. M.

Fargo, N. D., 112 4th St. N., Thursday after 2nd Wednesday, 8 P. M. Grand Forks, 608 S. Third St., Friday after 2nd Wednesday, 7:45 P. M. Devils Lake, State School, Saturday after 2nd Wednesday. Patzau, Bayfield, Wis., Watertown, S. D., by appointment.

St. Paul Mission. Rev. J. Schumacher, 1780 Wordsworth Ave., St. Paul, Minn. St. Paul, Trinity School, Tilton and Wabasha. Sundays and other holy days, 10:45 A. M. Winona, St. Martin's Church, monthly, second Sunday, 4 P. M. Lake City, third Sunday, 3 P. M. Stillwater, monthly, fourth Sunday, 3 P. M. Gaylord, monthly, first Monday, 1 P. M. Eau Claire, Wis., Y. M. C. A., first Saturday, 3 P. M. Winnipeg, Canada, Y. M. C. A., third Friday, 8 P. M. Rochester, last Monday—7:30 P. M. International Falls, Minn., by appointment.

St. Louis Mission. Rev. C. Schubkegel, 4536 Labadie Ave., St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis, Grace Lutheran Church, Garrison and St. Louis Ave., 2nd and last Sundays, 3 P. M. St. Charles, Mo., Homes of Deaf, last Sunday, 10:30 A. M. Evansville, Ind., Lutheran School, E. Illinois St., bi-monthly, first Sunday, 10:00 A. M. Indianapolis, Ind., Lutheran Church, 717 S. New Jersey St., bi-monthly, first Sunday, 9:30 A. M. Louisville, Ky., Lutheran Church, 1125 E. Broadway, bi-monthly, first Sunday, 7:30 P. M. Jacksonville, Ill., monthly, third Sunday, Religious instruction in State School, 9 A. M. Services in chapel, 2:30 P. M.

Omaha, Nebr. Lutheran Church, Benson Sta. first and third Sundays, 2:30 P. M. Lincoln, Nebr. Lutheran Church, 13th and H. Sts. Second Sunday, 10:30 A. M. Kansas City, Kans. Tuesday after third Sunday, 8 P. M.

Topeka, Kans. Lutheran Church, Second and Van Buren Sts. Wednesday after third Sunday, 8 P. M. Olathe, Kansas. State School, Thursday after third Sunday, by appointment.

Omaha, Nebr. State School, 3223 N. 45th St. Fourth Sunday, 10 A. M. and Tuesday after Second Sunday, 7:30 P. M.

Council Bluffs, Iowa. State School, Thursday before first Sunday, 7:30 P. M. Sioux City, Ia. New Lutheran School, 614 Jennings St., Wednesday after first Sunday, 8:00 P. M.

Wichita, Kansas. 322 Ellis Ave., by appointment.

Beatrice, Nebr. Homes of the Deaf, by appointment. Richmond, Mo. By appointment.

NORTHWEST AS A LUTHERAN MISSIONARY

Geo. W. Gaertner, Missionary, 2814 E. Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

Seattle, Wash.—22nd and E. Union Sts. 1st and 3rd Sundays 2:30 P. M.

Spokane, Wash.—W. 3rd and Division St. 2nd and 4th Sundays 10:30 A. M.

Tacoma, Wash.—L and So. 16th St. 2nd Sunday 7:30 P. M.

Yakima, Wash.—4th and W. Walnut. By appointment.

Portland Mission. Rev. J. A. C. Beyer, 943 Cleveland Ave., Portland, Ore. Portland, Ore., Rodney Ave. and Ivy St., every Sunday, 2:30 P. M. Salem, Ore., State School, 2nd and 4th Sundays, 7:15 P. M. Vancouver, Wash., State School, first Sunday, 10 A. M., third Sunday, 7 P. M. Vancouver, 14th and Main, 1st Sunday, 7 P. M.

California Mission. Rev. N. F. Jensen, 171 So. Center St., Orange, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal., Trinity Lutheran Church, W. 18th and Cherry Sts., first and third Sundays, 3 P. M. San Diego, Cal., by appointment. Fresno, Cal., by appointment.

BAPTIST

Atlanta, Ga.—Services conducted occasionally by Rev. J. W. Michaels, also Sunday School every Sunday morning at Second Baptist Church. Mrs. Jackson, teacher.

Special Services for the Deaf at St. Marks Church, cor. Peachtree and 5th St., every Sunday except 3rd of each month when the minister travels to Cave Spring to hold Service at the school there. S. M. Freeman, Minister; W. F. Crusselle, teacher.

CONGREGATIONAL

Los Angeles, Cal. First Congregational Church, Ninth and Hope Sts., Union Deaf-Mute services 3 P. M., under the leadership of

FRATERNAL

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

(Chartered by the State of Illinois)
Home Office: 21 North LaSalle St., Chicago.

DIVISION DIRECTORY.

CHICAGO, No. 1, 412 Masonic Temple First Friday. Glenn A. Smith, Room 401, 21 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

DETROIT, No. 2, 1446 Michigan Ave.—First Thursday. John Ulrich, 2930 Garland Ave., Detroit, Mich.

SAGINAW, No. 3, First Monday. Harry Dundas, 108 S. Hamilton St., Saginaw, Mich.

LOUISVILLE, No. 4, Robinson Hall—First Saturday. J. William Ferg, 2500 St. Cecilia St., Louisville, Ky.

LITTLE ROCK, No. 5, Pythian Hall Building—First Saturday. Percy B. Jones, 2405 Park Ave., Little Rock, Ark.

NASHUA, No. 7, Lafayette Hall—First Saturday. John Shea, Derry, N. H.

DAYTON, No. 8, Pruden Bldg., E. Fifth St.—First Saturday. Jackson Bates, 43 Calm St., Dayton, Ohio.

BAY CITY, No. 9, First Monday. C. F. W. Lawrence, 806 N. Henry St., Bay City, Michigan.

CINCINNATI, No. 10, Court & Central Ave.—First Saturday. Wylie Ross, 2931 Robertson Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EVANSVILLE, No. 11, Y. M. C. A.—First Monday. Adolph Brizius, 1718 Canal St., Evansville, Ind.

NASHVILLE, No. 12, Y. M. C. A.—First Saturday. Jesse T. Warren, 200 Third Ave., North, Nashville, Tenn.

SPRINGFIELD, No. 13, 38 1-2 E. Main St.—First Saturday. John E. Pershing, 421 S. Belmont Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

OLATHE, No. 14.—First Tuesday. E. H. McIlvain, Lock Box 212, Olathe, Kan.

FLINT, No. 15, 424 Buckham St.—First Tuesday. Bert E. Maxson, Davison, Mich.

TOLEDO, No. 16, Kapp Hall—First Saturday. John E. Curry, 3707 Homewood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

MILWAUKEE, No. 17, 221 W. Water St.—First Tuesday. Samuel Sutter, 1403 20th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

COLUMBUS, No. 18, I. O. O. F. Hall—Second Saturday. William Mayer, c-o School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.

KNOXVILLE, No. 20, K. of P. Hall—First Friday. Walter Burns, c-o Hall-Tate Oo., Knoxville, Tenn.

CLEVELAND, No. 21, West Side Turn Hall—First Saturday. Harry T. McCann, General Delivery, Cleveland, Ohio.

INDIANAPOLIS, No. 22, I. O. O. F. Hall—First Wednesday. Harry V. Jackson, 811 N. Jefferson Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

GREATER NEW YORK, No. 23, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn—First Saturday. Dennis A. Hanley, 1599 Avenue A., New York.

ST. LOUIS, No. 24, Keystone Hall, 3619 Finney Ave.—First Wednesday. Carl B. Smith, 5551 Robin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW HAVEN, No. 25, 99 Temple St.—Second Saturday. Philip Quinn, Jr., 309 Grand Ave., New Haven, Conn.

HOLYOKE, No. 26, Bridge Street Turn Hall—First Saturday. Arthur Lariviere, 205 Park St., Holyoke, Mass.

LOS ANGELES, No. 27, 730 S. Grand Ave.—First Saturday. Melville J. Matheis, 1422 N. Coronado Terrace, Los Angeles, Cal.

ATLANTA, No. 28, Y. M. C. A.—First Friday. Leon B. Dickerson, c-o Foote & Davis Co., Atlanta, Ga.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 30, 1626 Arch St.—First Friday. James F. Brady, 426 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

KANSAS CITY, No. 31, A. O. U. W. Hall, 9th and Michigan Sts.—First Saturday. Paul R. Wys, c-o The Essex, 8th and Locust Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

OMAHA, No. 32, Swedish Auditorium—First Saturday. James R. Jelinek, 313 S. 49th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

NEW ORLEANS, No. 33, B. K. A. Building, 627 North St.—First Sunday. Mathais N. Chenevert, 2700 Constance St., New Orleans, La.

KALAMAZOO, No. 34, Portage St. Auditorium—First Wednesday. Fred H. Wheeler (Acting) P. O. Box 614, Kalamazoo, Mich.

BOSTON, No. 35, 3 Boylston Place—First Saturday. William H. Battersby, 45 W. Neptune St., Lynn, Mass.

PITTSBURG, No. 36, McGeagh Bldg.—First Saturday. Frank A. Leitner, 1220 Braddock Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARTFORD, No. 37, Odd Fellows' Temple

Saturday, Fred G. Armstrong, Y. M. C. A. Building, Memphis, Tenn.

PORTLAND (Me.), No. 39, 514 Congress St.—Second Saturday. Fred G. Skillin, 11 Marion St., Portland, Maine.

BUFFALO, No. 40, Mizpah Hall, Ferry and Herkimer Sts.—First Monday, W. Elmer Davis 1160 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PORTLAND (Ore.), No. 41, 112 E. Sixth St.—First Saturday. John O. Reichle, 900 E. Sixth St., N. Portland, Ore.

NEWARK, No. 42, 210 Market St.—First Saturday. Frank W. Hoppaugh, 899 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

PROVIDENCE, No. 43, 850 Westminster St.—First Saturday. Fritz Ruckdeschel, 17 Roland Ave., Cranston, R. I.

SEATTLE, No. 44, Y. M. C. A.—First Saturday. Olof Hanson, 4747 16th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

UTICA, No. 45, 53 Franklin Square—First Saturday. John H. Thomas, P. O. Box 943, Frankfort, N. Y.

WASHINGTON, No. 46, N. E. Masonic Temple—First Wednesday. W. P. Souder, 308 Ninth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

BALTIMORE, No. 47, 114 N. Paca St.—Second Saturday. Michael Weinstein, 1431 Gough St., Baltimore, Md.

SYRACUSE, No. 48, Larned Building, S. Warren St.—Second Saturday. Theodore M. Hofman, 104 Daisy St., Syracuse, N. Y.

CEDAR RAPIDS, No. 49, First Wednesday. Carl W. Osterberg, 1412 Third Ave., W. Cedar Rapids, Ia.

HUNTINGTON, No. 50, First Saturday. Charles E. Burgess, 422 29th St., Huntington, W. Va.

ALBANY, No. 51, 734 Broadway—First Saturday. John F. Koepfer, 16 Shannon St., Schenectady, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, No. 52, 97 State St.—Second Saturday. Albert Asper, 267 Monroe Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO, No. 53, Druids' Temple, 44 Page St.—First Saturday. David S. Luddy, 124 Primrose Road, Burlingame, Cal.

READING, No. 54, 8th & Penn Sts.—First Saturday. George E. Fister, Fleetwood, Pa.

AKRON, No. 55, 127 S. Main St.—First Saturday. Foster D. Gilbert, 1729 Preston Ave., Akron, Ohio.

SALT LAKE CITY, No. 56, 249 S. Main St.—First Wednesday. John Fehr, 462 C. St. Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROCKFORD, No. 57, 1010 S. Main St.—First Saturday. Fred Shatwell, 618 Oakley Ave., Rockford, Ill.

SPRINGFIELD, No. 58, N. E. Cor. 5th & Monroe Sts.—First Saturday. Daniel B. King, 309 E. Monroe St., Springfield, Ill.

DAYTON, No. 59, I. O. O. F. Hall, 510 Brady St.—First Saturday. Arthur E. Heritage, 2023 17th St., Rock Island, Ill.

WORCESTER, No. 60, 306 Main St.—First Saturday. Alexander Stirling, 31 Crescent St., Waltham, Mass.

ST. PAUL, No. 61, Charles Thompson Memorial Hall, Fairview and Marshall Aves.—First Friday. Jens P. Hanson, 3238 Aldrich Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.

FORT WORTH, No. 62, Church for the Deaf N. Ft. Worth—First Wednesday. Joseph T. Sproule, 1300 Vernon Castle Boul., Fort Worth, Texas.

DALLAS, No. 63, Labor Temple—First Saturday. Grover A. Morgan, c-o Dreyfuss & Co., Dallas, Texas.

DENVER, No. 64, 1715 California St.—First Saturday. Homer E. Grace, 1096 S. Washington St., Denver, Colo.

WATERBURY, No. 65, Garden Hall—Second Saturday. Saverio Minnicucci, 48 Wood St., Waterbury, Conn.

BRIDGEPORT, No. 66, Second Saturday. Gilbert F. Marshall, 60 Sixth St. Bridgeport, Conn.

SPRINGFIELD, No. 67, 48 Pynchon St.—First Saturday. Ralph M. Palazzi, 1047 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

WACO, No. 68, First Saturday. Harvey L. Ford, Route 3, West, Texas.

OGDEN, No. 69, Second Tuesday. Paul Mark, 2240 Adams Ave., Ogden, Utah.

PITTSFIELD, No. 70, 101 Fenn St.—First Saturday. Fred Packard, 57 Beacon St., North Adams, Mass.

BANGOR, No. 71, 121 Main St.—First Saturday. Albert L. Carlisle, 27 Forest Ave., Bangor, Maine.

KENOSHA, No. 72, G. A. R. Hall—Second Saturday. James Shields, 260 Valentine St., Kenosha, Wis.

BIRMINGHAM, No. 73, 1920 1-2 N. Fourth Ave.—First Sunday. Herman Harper, 1731 30th St., Ensley, Ala.

SIOUX FALLS, No. 74, First Saturday. Edward P. Olson, 1103 S. Maine Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

WICHITA, No. 75, F. A. U. Hall, 119 S. Lawrence St.—First Saturday. William E. Wait, 125 S. Schuyler St., Wichita, Kan.

DES MOINES, No. 77, Y. M. C. A.—First Saturday, Hugh S. Courter, c-o Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Ia.
LOWELL, No. 78, 84 Middlesex St.—Second Saturday, Colin C. McCord, 87 Andrews St., Lowell, Mass.
BERKELEY, No. 79, Native Sons Hall.—Second Wednesday, Robert J. Mephram, 6004 College Ave., Oakland, Calif.
DELAVAL, No. 80, First Saturday, Fred J. Neesam, Elm St., Delavan, Wis.
HOUSTON, No. 81, W. O. W. Hall, 709 La Branch St.—Second Tuesday, Richard C. Morriss, 400 Quitman St., Houston, Texas.
SCRANTON, No. 82, St. Luke's Parish House.—First Friday, J. M. Kochler, 118 R. F. D. Olyphant, Pa.
RICHMOND, No. 83, 2047 W. Broad St.—First Saturday, Meade B. Dalton, 2023 W. Cary St., Richmond, Va.
NORFOLK, No. 84, Pythian Hall, Brambleton.—Second Saturday, Nathan Schwartz, 826 County St., Portsmouth, Va.
JOHNSTOWN, No. 85, Moose Temple.—First Saturday, Roland M. Barker, 61 Church St., Johnstown, Pa.
SIOUX CITY, No. 86, First Wednesday, Perry E. Seely, P. O. Box 293, Sioux City, Iowa.

KNIGHTS OF DE L'EPEE

National Catholic Organization of the Deaf.
 Headquarters—Chicago, Ill.
 Supreme Secretary's Address: Anthony J. Novotny, 2528 N. Campbell Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Council No. 1
 Eugene Adeszko Grand Knight
 John S. Bufka Secretary
 2971 Wisner Ave., Chicago.
 Meets on the third Sunday of each month at 3 P. M., in the Sodality Hall, May and 11th Streets.

New York Council No. 2
 Joseph Schmidt Grand Knight
 William F. Daly Secretary
 Box 1, College Point, L. I., N. Y.
 Meets on the second Saturday of each month in Johnston Building, 8-12 Nevins street, near Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Cincinnati Council No. 3
 Joseph Miller Grand Knight
 50 East 41st street, So. Covington, Ky.
 John J. Wagner Secretary
 Meets on the second Sunday afternoon of each month during winter and first Thursday evening of each month during summer in the Assembly Hall in basement of St. Louis church, 8th and Walnut Sts.

Newark Council No. 4
 Charles E. Quigley Grand Knight
 Thomas McMahon Secretary
 1126 So. Orange Ave., Newark, N. J.
 Meets on the fourth Sunday of each month at St. Mary's Hall, Nutley, New Jersey.

Boston Council No. 6
 Edward A. McCormack Grand Knight
 Michael J. Ganes Secretary
 58 Haskell St., No. Cambridge, Mass.
 Meetings are held the second Sunday of

each month at 3 P. M. in Boston College Fraternity Hall.

Buffalo Council No. 7
 Walter Wheeldon Grand Knight
 Frank H. Krahling Secretary
 1095 Elmwood Ave.
 Meets the first Wednesday of each month at St. Vincent's Hall, Main street and Eastwood place, at 8 P. M.

Philadelphia Council No. 8
 John C. Nowacki Grand Knight
 Elmer E. Scott Secretary
 2656 So. Dewey St., Philadelphia.
 Meetings are held on the first Tuesday of the month at 8 P. M. at Grand Fraternity Hall.

Pittsburg Council No. 9
 Thomas Carr Grand Knight
 Susan Campbell Secretary
 105 Arch Street, N. S., Pittsburg, Pa.
 Meetings are held in St. Philomena's Hall on the third Sunday afternoon of each month.

Lowell Council No. 10
 Henry Bilodeau Grand Knight
 Bennett McMahon Secretary
 46 West 5th St., Lowell, Mass.
 Meets on the first Sunday of the month, at Knights of Columbus Hall.

Scranton Council No. 11
 John W. Harrington Grand Knight
 John E. Joyce Secretary
 2636 Binney Ave., Minooka, Pa.
 Meets every first Friday of the month at 8:15 P. M., at Catholic clubrooms, Wyoming avenue.

Baltimore Council No. 12
 Peter J. Krastel Grand Knight
 William J. Martini Secretary
 2516 Salem St., Baltimore

Meets on the second Wednesday at 8 P. M. in Loyola College, Calvert and Madison streets.

Providence Council No. 13
 Frederick C. Egan Grand Knight
 J. F. Garside Secretary
 36 Terrace St., Fall River, Mass.

Meets on the third Sunday of each month at St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Providence, R. I. at 11 a. m.

Atlantic City Council No. 14
 Adam Hartig Grand Knight
 L. V. McGuckin (Pro Tem) Secretary
 104½ So. Georgia Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.
 Meets during winter months on first Saturday of each month in Wildey Hall, 502 Pine street, Camden, N. J.

Milwaukee Council No. 15
 Eugene T. Downey Grand Knight
 Herbert J. Booz Secretary
 375 Twenty-sixth St., Milwaukee

Meets on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 P. M. in the Knights of Columbus Institute, Grand avenue and 15th street.

Manchester Council No. 16
 Eugene Robitaille Grand Knight
 Peter F. Breault Secretary
 Temporary address, 219 Lake Ave., Manchester, N. H.

Washington Council No. 17
 Joseph H. Hecke Grand Knight
 Leonard F. Weiss Secretary
 Kendall Green, Gallaudet College

Detroit Council No. 18
 William Kerwin Liddy Grand Knight
 John Walter Secretary
 479 Vermont Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Altoona Council No. 19
 Lester G. Zimmerman Grand Knight
 Mrs. S. H. Zimmerman, Secretary-treasurer
 608 Crawford Ave., Altoona, Pa.

Meets on the second Friday of each month at 7 P. M. at St. Mark's Hall, Sixth Ave., and Fourth street.

SOCIAL

Los Angeles Silent Club. Ramona Hall, 349 South Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silent Athletic Club. 238 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alphabet Club, New York City.—meets at Boys' Club 10th Street and Avenue A.

The Silent Community Club, Stamford, Conn.
 President, A. Gordon Marshall, Secretary, John Livingston; Treasurer R. H. Butler.

The Pittsburgh Social League of the Deaf
 Room 404, Iron Exchange Bldg., cor. W. and Water Sts., Pittsburgh, Pa. President, Geo. F. Grimm; First Vice-President, W. L. Sawhill; Second Vice-President, L. Lebo; Secretary, F. R. Gray; Treasurer, H. Danver.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc., 143 West 125th St., New York City. The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month at 3:15 P. M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capelle, President; Jack Seltzer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society.—210 Market St. Newark. President, John M. Black; Recording Secretary, Frank Hoppaugh; Financial Secretary, Alfred Shaw; Treasurer, John B. Ward. Meetings last Saturday of Trenton Branch N. A. D. Meets first Tuesday each month.

Trenton Branch N. A. D. meets first Tuesday every month at the School for the Deaf. President, George S. Porter; Vice-Pres., Walter Beatty; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Miles Sweeney.

The Fanwood Alumni Association.—William H. Rose, Sec'y, 461-8th Ave., New York. Thomas Francis Fox, President.

Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf. Organized to cooperate with the National Association in the

furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L. Kenner, President, 40 West 115th Street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street.

Silent Auto Club. Third Fridays, 8 P. M., Central Public Library, F. W. Stocksick, Secretary, 3836 Delmer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Gallaudet Club of Philadelphia. Organized December 10, 1901. Headquarters, Hotel Adelphia, Chestnut Street below Thirteenth, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Meets in March, June, September and December of each year. George T. Sanders, President; Harry E. Stevens, Secretary-Treasurer. Objects: To celebrate annually the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Founder of Education of the Deaf in America, either with a dinner of other appropriate ceremony; the intellectual and social enjoyment of its members and their invited friends and to aid in all undertaking for the advancement and welfare of the Deaf.

Clerc Literary Association. Organized September 22, 1865, 3220 North Sixteenth Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Meets every Thursday evening. Harry G. Gunkel, President; Harry E. Stevens, Secretary. Objects: Moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of its members in particular and of the deaf in general.

Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. Office of the Secretary, 205 West Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. James S. Reider, President. R. Middleton Ziegler, Secretary. The above corporation is formed for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Deaf and the establishment and maintenance of a home for blind, aged, and infirm deaf persons.

CANADA

Mackay Club, 398 Dorcestir Ave., West Montreal. Open from 7 P. M. to 10 P. M., on Wednesdays only.

Religious Service are held Sundays at Gospel Hall, 91 Counsellor Ave., from 7 P. M. to 8 P. M.

LET'S BE LOYAL

Loyalty is not blind adherence. It is clear-sighted devotion to the righteous interest of a friend.

Loyalty will not hesitate to oppose an unwise plan, to tear away the bandages which close the eyes to an unwelcome truth.

Loyalty will bear misunderstanding and jeopardize loss of friendship, if these be the price of loyalty to the highest interest of a friend.

Friendship can have no sure foundation, save the frankness of absolute truth. Loyalty has no sure aim save service to the highest nature of a friends.

Your friend is not the associate who remains silent when you make mistakes nor the one who flatters us when we do less than our best. Our friends make us do what we can.

A loyal friend is not only a delightful companion by the way, but he is a fellow traveller who makes the goal clear when fatigue and doubt cloud the vision. He is the one who resolutely urges us forward when we are tempted to falter in the quest.

Such loyalty is the highest expressions of friendship. It is the highest noblest form of service to man.—Selected.

"Some of the moonshine liquor in this region is pretty stout stuff, isn't it?" inquired a tourist in the Ozarks.

"Tell you what's a fac," replied a native. "A deaf and dum feller took a horn of it tuther day, hopped six feet in the air, popped his heels together three times and before he lit, jumped a fence as if it was a straw, and went tearing off thru the scenery, a-hollerin' 'Glory Halle-looyer!' like he'd got religion."—Ex.

In the World of the Deaf

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

The deaf employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad are all back at work in the Altoona, Pa., shops. They have been out of work from four to eight months.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Mr. Wilbur Gledhill, a graduate of this School and of Gallaudet College, is employed on the Yonkers, N. Y., *State-man-News* as a linotype operator. The plant has eight linotypes and a Ludlow typograph. He works forty-four hours a week and is well pleased with his position which he has held for several years.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Indianapolis Division No. 32, N.F.S.D. held a bazaar at their hall, corner Washington street and Hamilton Avenue, Saturday evening at which a good crowd was present and a goodly sum was realized for the local benefit fund of the division. The receipts were a little more than \$121.00 on which they cleared over \$77.00.

The many friends of the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, both in this state and New York, will be pleased to know he is able to stay at home and take service as usual at All Soul's Church, as well as in Chester, Wilmington Del., Camden and Trenton, New Jersey. It was at first announced he would depart for the South for the winter.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Some purchasers of Granville Redmond's canvasses placed them on exhibition in Los Angeles last month and they took first prizes. Redmond continues to paint while not acting, and his work always finds ready sale. His friend, Charlie Chaplin, returned from a trip abroad last month and it is expected that new motion pictures will soon be in the making.

Within one year three deaf families have moved to Eau Claire, those of H. B. Bailey, William Roth and Scott Ensign. By a coincidence each fairly has two children, a boy and a girl. There is rumor that another family intends to move there, depending upon whether work is available or not. They will be welcome as "the more the merrier" is the slogan up that way just now.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Representatives of 225 Universities and Colleges met in Chicago last November "to crystallize College sentiment in favor of this nation's policy in relation to the limitation of armaments" and to gain the support of the movement among the undergraduates. Gallaudet College was invited to send representatives to the meeting and President Hall selected three of the Alumni to represent the College.—*California News*.

E. R. Phillips and family who removed to Gadsden from Johnson City, Tenn., last year, is now a shoemaker at the Good-year Shoe Shop. He has three boys and one girl, all hearing. His wife was educated at the Morganton, N. C. School.

Mr. Phillips spent \$200.00 in building a motor boat for himself last summer for the purpose of using it for fishing, hunting and "picnicing." The boat is a dandy.—*Alabama Messenger*.

The deaf of Eau Claire are planning to form an Improvement Club where they can have lectures, discussion of current events, social gatherings, and such like.

When they get fairly started they hope to be able to invite good speakers from the schools and elsewhere. They intend to put Eau Claire on the map.

Surprise parties have been going the rounds and they are now planning a community Thanksgiving Dinner.—*Wisconsin Times*.

During the deer hunting season, Mr. J. C. Howard, with two young men from his office, went out after big game, and they bagged a moose, a large doe, and a small buck. Mr. Howard wrote that he had been eating moose and venison till he gagged at the stuff, and some real ham and cabbage by way of variety tasted mighty good. Mr. Howard must be doing considerable business, for he has four young men and two young women in his office as helpers.—*Minnesota Companion*.

On account of the increasing number of automobiles passing the entrance to our grounds and the fact that several of our children have come near being run down by thoughtless drivers, new "slow down" signs have been placed near our gates to caution motorists against too much speed and careless driving. One side reads, "Deaf School Slow Down" and the other "Thank You." The combination of warning and courtesy is expected to have the desired effect and keep the zone between signs free from danger.—*Washingtonian*.

Mr. Oscar D. Guire, latest graduate of Gallaudet College from this school is taking an advanced course in chemistry at the University of California. He expects to graduate next May.

Recently he was engaged by Professor Paul Hibbard, Agricultural Chemistry Plant Nutrition Division, College of Agriculture, to assist him in analyzing samples of water and soils sent by farmers, land buyers, etc., of the state and in testing some analytical processes (water and soil.) He works in the laboratory from 12 to 15 hours a week.—*Cal News*.

Louis Quath, deaf since he was four, is doing and has done more than thousands of Cleveland boys with normal educational and physical advantages. Quath is an expert mechanic. He has earned sufficient to pay for his board and clothes and to enable his father to buy two pieces of real estate. And since he became of age he has saved in addition \$1900. Quath unmarried, has made an average of \$75 a month since he learned his trade. Every month he turned over

an average of \$65 to his father who died a few months ago.—*Cleveland Press*.

The Kentucky School has several thousand dollars,—face value, of Confederate bonds on which the prospect of receiving any dividends is not encouraging. The Congress of the United States made a gift of a township of public land located in Alabama and Florida to this school in 1825. When the war broke out the Florida agent of the school had several thousand dollars in gold in his hands, but the chaotic condition of banking exchange between the sections rendered it inadvisable to send the money at that time and desiring to secure for the school interest on the money through a safe investment he purchased Confederate bonds with it. The bonds have long since been charged to the profit and loss column.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

In the presence of relatives and intimate friends, Dorothy Sanders Kriebel and Frederick C. Knight were married by the Rev. Dr. Louis C. Washburn at Christ Church, Second Street, Philadelphia. The 10th of December was also the 36th anniversary of the marriage of the bride's parents. The bride was unattended, being given away by her father. She wore a green chiffon over an amethyst satin, a black velvet hat and carried a bouquet of tea roses and violets. After a small family gathering and breakfast at the home of the parents in Mt. Airy, the wedded pair went to visit a sister of the groom in Scranton and after a short stay in the Pocono woods will occupy an apartment at the Radnor Inn, Radnor, Pa.—*Mt. Airy World*.

About three years ago Mr. J. E. Wachute became interested in having church privileges at Eau Claire and corresponded with several parties to that effect. As a result they have a regular minister come down from St. Paul to hold services once a month. The meetings started at Mr. Wachute's home and were held three or four months, then at the Community House till it got so cold they arranged to meet at the Y. M. C. A., where gatherings have been held since. Rev. John Schumacher, of St. Paul, is the minister. From a small beginning of five deaf the attendance has grown to an average of twenty. Most of the farmers have autos and come a long way. One comes forty miles but not often. As most of the services are held on Saturday the deaf farmers cannot very well come, but when held on Sundays there is a large attendance. The minister is making an effort to arrange so they can always have Sunday services.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Mr. E. F. Price says in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* as follows: It is a pleasure to mention that M. J. Matheis has the distinction of having recently taken part in Charles Ray's play called "The Midnight Bell." The silent actor had a handsome pay, including a cafeteria meal for his ten minutes' work. Therefore Mr. G. Redmond!

is not the only one that took part in a film studio, though he played with Charles Chaplin.

It is understood that Redmond took part in Fairbanks' masterpiece, "Three Musketeers." Any one who knows Redmond personally, if he happens to see the film play can hardly guess what part he took. The ITEMIZER thinks that Redmond acted as the vehicle-driver amidst the crowd of people—this character appears four times but does not show his face plainly. Others guess he takes the part of one of the three musketeers, or a priest, or a butler, in all of whom there is more or less resemblance.—*California News*.

The national immigration laws are becoming harder to get around and undesirable emigrants find it next to impossible to enter this "land of the free and the home of brave." These strict laws are all right, but at times they work an unnecessary hardship upon certain people. For instance, a deaf-mute from Russia arrived in the United States last March. Because he could not pass the literacy test, being entirely illiterate, he was ordered deported. Through the influence of the National Association of the Deaf and the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf, extensions of time in which he could be prepared to stand the test were granted. "The man is a first-class tailor and has been earning something like \$35 a week and is, otherwise, intelligent, wide awake, moral and a fine, upright fellow in every respect." The point I want to call the attention of the deaf to is that the N. A. D. can be of great assistance if it is given assistance by all the deaf in the country. Join now.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

Because his owner, Mrs. Cora Mulling, 755 Clinton street, second floor, colored is deaf and dumb, the wise old dog that is her companion, has never heard the voice of his mistress, but his ears are the ears of his mistress. When some one knocks at the door, he tugs at her dress and leads her to the door, since she can not hear.

So last night when the faithful animal discovered a fire on the first floor of the building, he followed his custom. He ran upstairs, tugged at Mrs. Mulling's dress and let her to the scene of the blaze. She could see but could not give the alarm, speechless. She ran upstairs and Aed Robert Smart, a roomer, to the blaze. Smart could see, hear and talk. He turned in the alarm.

The blaze, caused by sparks from a stove, caused damage of \$500. Fire Marshal Leonard Westcott was cut slightly by glass. The dog's owner, who had returned to her room for her effects, was assisted from the building by firemen.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Very recently a plain clothed detective walking down the street in St. Paul met with a man who looked haggard and aged and evidently was crippled. He handed a worn and soiled card to the detective asking in the usual way for a dime, deploring his condition and incapability to work. Out of genuine sympathy the detective handed over the dime and passed on. Later in the day, another man accosted him just a few blocks away from where he had met the first. This man happened to be speechless and deaf and his card, also much worn and soiled, asked for the mere pittance of a quarter. The man was sound

to limb, not old nor haggard, but his card deplored his condition—being deaf and speechless would he thought be sufficient grounds to be unable to work. The detective took a good look, stretched his neck a bit and looked again. Sure enough it was the first beggar minus his disguise and his limp and cane. The result was that the detective took him along to the station, where he was, we suppose, told to "tell it to the judge."—*Minnesota Companion*.

At last our dreams of many years has come true!

There now stands on our campus Wartmann Cottage—the pride of the school and the State of Florida. Today a little deaf child may have the very best instruction and training possible at the Florida School. The few obstacles that have heretofore been in the child's progress, such as the crowded condition in the older buildings, the intermingling with the older pupils, etc., have been wiped away. Each child in Wartmann Cottage is receiving individual training under the best teachers that could be secured.

The formal opening of the new building on December 12th marks a long way in the growth of the school which got its real impetus only some ten or twelve years ago.

We have striven to give our patrons and friends thru these columns in this issue some idea of the newest of our buildings, the opening exercises and the progress of the school. It is, of course, better for them to come out and inspect the building for themselves.—*Florida School Herald*.

Another pretty wedding took place at All Souls' Church Wednesday evening, November 23rd, which Miss Thelma Merrill and Mr. John Stewart were united by the Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer. Rev. Mr. Merrill had arrived the same day from Utica with Mr. Donald Stewart, younger brother of the groom, from Oneida, New York, who acted as best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Beatrice Merrill, sister of the bride, and Phyllis Robinson, of Washington. The bride was attired in peacock blue with a lace hat to match and carried a bouquet. The ushers were Messrs. Reider, Salter and Stevens. Some fifty guests were present including friends, both deaf and hearing, from Washington. Of the former noticed were: Mrs. Winfield Marshall, Mrs. Hunter Edington and Miss Helen Fish. Ice-cream and cake were served. Miss Merrill chose for her own wedding the anniversary of her parents' wedding day, which is quite a compliment to her parents. The groom is on a cruiser at the present time stationed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He is in the Dispensary Department.—*Mt. Airy World*.

There is one point respecting manual spelling that needs to be emphasized, and that is the necessity of learning to recognize words and even sentences as a whole. Many teachers make the mistake of spelling slowly and often separating the letters by dropping the hand slightly each time a letter has been made. The proper way to do is to spell straight ahead, with no break whatever at the end of the sentence. The person who spells out what he is reading in books or papers never gets much enjoyment out of the process. The learner should acquire the ability to see a whole

word or even a series of related words at a glance, and try not to pick the meaning off a slow procession of letters. It is this abnormal deliberation that makes of manual spelling such a tedious process. By the time the speller has reached the end of his statement or question, much of the presentation has faded from the memory of the one addressed. The child should from the first be made to grasp the whole word: "yes," "no," "who?" "where?" "when?" "good morning," etc. It is a waste of time and a waste of energy to do otherwise.—*California News*.

The State Board of Control held its regular monthly meeting in St. Augustine on the 12th of December. The members visited and inspected the plant, paying especial attention to Wartmann Cottage which has just been completed. They expressed themselves as delighted with the cottage and complimented the architects, Messrs. Edwards and Sayward, of Atlanta, Ga., upon their carefully planned designs.

The Board also decided to purchase the Hildreth home which commands a beautiful site just northeast of the school. Two lots adjacent to this property were also purchased and our barn and dairy will be located on these lots. This makes it possible for us to tear down the last wooden building on the place, the first floor of which is now used as a dining-room, kitchen and laundry for the colored school and on the second story are rooms for the help, and to build an extension to the present building for the colored pupils. The contract for the extension will be let at an early date and will cost about \$30,000. This will give us a dining-room, kitchen, laundry, assembly hall and possibly rooms to extend our industrial work in this department. A new stable and cow barn will be erected later on the lots recently purchased, thereby removing a nuisance in a way from close proximity to our buildings.—*Florida School Herald*.

The *Buff and Blue* of Gallaudet College announces that Professor Peet will conduct classes in the art of graceful sign making. This is a step in the right direction. The sign language, which is the most beautiful and expressive language of man, has gradually been degenerating owing to one cause or another. Slang signs have done much to mutilate its gracefulness; and opposition to the language in schools for the reason that it interferes with the proper development of the pupil's English has had this effect: pupils develop signs of their own invention and continue to rely on them in conversation among themselves. They then leave school and at once mingle with the adult deaf who have grown accustomed to the use of slang signs. The pupil absorbs this and the result is a very bad semblance of the once beautiful sign-language.

The deaf have always used signs and ever will. They should not use signs in the classroom until they have passed that state of efficiency where nothing whatever will weaken their command of the English language.

In the highest grade of a school for the deaf, and in Colleges for the deaf, as Mr. O'Donnell has said, proper signs may be cultivated to advantage. This will offset the tendency to use certain slang signs that are inelegant to say the least.—*California News*.

Since typewriters have come into general use, not only for business purposes, but also for social correspondence

and private work, good penmanship is sometimes looked upon as a more or less useless accomplishment. This may be true with the hearing man, but for the deaf people good penmanship is still undoubtedly a valuable asset. No matter by which method they were educated, the deaf will have to rely for a large part of their communication with the hearing world on written conversation. The deaf man should always carry his pad and pencil around with him and resort to it whenever he is not readily understood. The general appearance of the written note that is, its neatness, the character of the handwriting, and its legibility, is the first impression made on the party with whom the deaf person comes into contact, and a neatly written note is bound to put the stranger in a slightly more favorable frame of mind than an ill written communication would. In enumerating the factors that enter into penmanship, we purposely place neatness first, character next, and legibility last. This may not be according to the standard adopted by most teachers, who rank legibility as the foremost quality of writing. In our opinion, the psychological effect upon the reader produced by the neatness and the character of handwriting is greater than that of its legibility. Uniform writing, no matter what its particular style, with a distinctive character, although it may be a little difficult to decipher in places, is preferable to an uneven, characterless style, that is legible in every respect.—*Nebraska Journal*.

ALBANY EMPLOYER FAVORS DEAF-MUTES.

A large printing concern in Albany recently hired a deaf girl to feed a press. Her services were so satisfactory that others were advertised for. While other girls like to talk a deaf girl cannot hear; therefore she attends strictly to her duties and loses no time. This crafty employer is seeking girls who are not only deaf, but also dumb.

If girls did not eat and could be stood in a corner nights, the millenium for tight-fisted employers whose one mania is cheap, docile labor, will have arrived. Then if employers too were deaf and dumb, what a lovely place the world would be—nothing to do but attend strictly to business.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

NEW AUTOMATIC SIGNAL BELL

It has been the custom for some time for the teachers in the Senior department to exchange classes upon the sounding of a signal gong in the hallway. The gong, which was controlled from one of the classrooms, has been connected with an electric clock and is now rung automatically at the proper time. To Mr. Huber Whitlock, '20, who is now a member of the freshman class at the University of Rochester, we are indebted for the ingenious device that has made this helpful arrangement possible. The fact that Mr. Whitlock, who had known about the shortcomings of the old plan, made the change on his own initiative and gave up several days of his winter and Easter vacation to this work, gives us pleasure in acknowledging the innovation.—*Rochester Advocate*.

DEAF CHILDREN AT THE VATICAN

The Holy Father received recently in audience a group of deaf and dumb children from the Gualandi Institute, according to a dispatch to the *Pilot*, Boston. His Holiness has always been deeply interested in this work, having been arch-

bishop of Bologna when it was founded by two venerable priest brothers whose name it now bears. The Holy Father on this occasion testified to this interest by twelve scholars with his august hands.

This touching function took place in the Chapel of the Sala Matilde, and the day was purposely chosen because of the Gospel text which was that of the healing of the dumb man by Christ. The little first communicants occupied a position near the altar where they assisted at the Holy Father's Mass and afterwards had the happiness to be communicated by him.

The following day his holiness received them in audience. The children were accompanied by the supervisor of a local order of religious women. His Holiness desired particular work, and showed a warm interest in all that pertained to the advantage of these afflicted little ones.

A little girl, advancing to the presence of the Holy Father, recited an exquisite little poem in his honor, and with such grace and in spite of her affliction that the tender heart of the Pope was exceedingly touched.

After bestowing his benediction on all, the Holy Father commended the good work being done by the teachers and pupils and encouraged all to persevere with greater fervor.—*Deaf-Mutes' Friend*.

THE CLASSIFICATION TEST

Thomas Edison made the staid old college men sit up and think when he called attention to how little they knew, basing his conclusions on the answers to his questionnaire on men, among them college men, applying for positions in his

plant. The Faculty of Gallaudet College has made some of us think too when *The Annals* for November showed the results of a classification test given to the students recently. The average percentage of the entire college was 74. There is truth in the statement as given in *The Annals*. "The results of such tests certainly show us the weak spots in our teaching, and are very helpful and suggestive in language instruction," but we are inclined to consider the tests incomplete without some comparison to go by. This is, to our knowledge, the first time a test has ever been given to the students of Gallaudet College, so there is nothing to compare it with. If the same or nearly the same test had been given twenty-five years ago and the average higher than 74, we might ask why the retrogression. Again, if it had been lower, the college has certainly made some progress. What we know, others don't, and what others know, we don't, it matters not how simple the questions are. We would like to know what the average high school students could score on the Gallaudet classification test. College students fumble on some of Edison's simple questions. Civil service examinations taken for positions in the government at Washington showed that high school students secured higher marks than college men.

Just the same test at Gallaudet makes us think.—*North Dakota Banner*.

RECEPTION IN HONOR OF MR. AND MRS. F. P. GIBSON

A splendid reception was given at the Presbyterian Church, Dallas, Texas Dec.

Every Boy Wants It

If you could realize how much that boy of yours, or that young relative or friend in whom you are interested, craves the healthy, well-balanced reading matter he will get in **THE AMERICAN BOY**, never for a minute would you deny him this pleasure. For a Christmas present, or birthday gift, a subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY** is unexcelled. It lasts the whole year through—and its influence is of the best.

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PACH PHOTOGRAPHER

THE ALUMNI of the TEXAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, have commissioned us to make a portrait of THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET to be unveiled at the school on Dec. 10th, 1921.

In order to execute the commission it was necessary to make a reproduction of his finest portrait, a painting now owned by his grandson, Mr. Edson F. Gallaudet.

Many of the Schools for the Deaf, and many deaf people will doubtless be interested in this reproduction, copies of which we will furnish.

11 x 14	in carbon black	\$ 5.00
11 x 14	in sepia tone	6.00
20 x 24	in sepia	30.00
20 x 24	in oil	75.00

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1st, in honor of Grand Secretary Francis P. Gibson, who, accompanied by his charming wife, is touring through Texas and the South. At that reception there was a brief unveiling of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet portrait, produced by Alex. Pach, of Pach Photo. Co., of New York, and it was very successful and splendid.

Chairman Elmer E. Disz opened the reception with a talk explaining as to how the Gallaudet picture was originated and so on to unveiling and final ornament as a memorial in the chapel at the School for the Deaf, Austin, Texas.

He then invited Mrs. R. M. Hodges, oldest Dallas citizen and whose dead husband's service was much to the welfare of the Texas deaf, to pull the cord which opened the black curtain apart, unveiling the grand oil work of Gallaudet's picture, much to the pleasure and satisfaction of all around.

After this, Mr. Wallace K. Gibson, a graduate of Gallaudet College, was invited to deliver a brief address covering the incident in the life of Thomas H. Gallaudet, which was interesting, too.

After this address, he, as the President of Dallas No. 63, N. F. S. D., introduced Grand Secretary F. P. Gibson to the audience, one of the largest crowds ever recorded. He gave a pretty long address with text at first concerning our first deaf founder, and then N. F. S. D. in general. His talk was something to remember about and interesting.

One feature of his address was: "Without Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet we could never have been as we are nor would N. S. S. D. ever exist, and other familiar things that the deaf enjoy."

At length fruit punch was served to all present.—E. E. D. in *Lone Star*.

THE SUPERANNUATED CLERK

"What relief Congress can offer for the aged and disabled employees of the Government, is yearly becoming a more pressing problem. There are thousands of such inefficient on the payrolls. To visit a bureau building in Washington when employees are coming to work, is to witness a parade in which nearly all the human ailments are displayed. Clerks of more than ninety, bent and broken, some blind, many deaf, are a common sight. Still they try to "carry on." They furnish one of the reasons why the wheels of the federal service grind so slowly and inefficiently."

The above paragraph was taken from the editorial page of *The Minneapolis Journal* of December 7. The motive that prompted the editorial was, of course, praiseworthy. It was to call the attention of the public to the fact that something should be done with or for the employees at Washington who are now almost a liability instead of an asset to the government, but at the same time the statement, "Clerks of more than ninety, bent and broken, some blind, MANY DEAF, are a common sight," conveys the erroneous impression that the deaf, to say nothing of the blind, are incompetents and inefficient as government employees or in whatever capacity employed, anywhere—on a par with "clerks of more than ninety, bent and broken." At least that is the *Journal* readers' interpretation of it and they and the public generally do not understand the deaf in spite of the fact that there is a state school for the deaf in almost every one of the forty-eight states in the Union and several day schools in nearly every large city in the country. The civil service is open to the deaf and they are employed in certain branches of work in which deafness is not a hind-

rance at all. They secure their work through competitive examination, not on the plea that they are deaf, and they show both ability and willingness to perform the work required of them.

It is probable that not a few of the clerks lose their hearing gradually, partially or entirely, as they approach the age of three score and ten, and since they began with positions that required hearing, their deafness now may prove an embarrassment to the government. They are too old to be changed from one department to another.

The percentage of efficiency in government service would doubtless be higher and more satisfactory if more deaf persons and less veterans were employed than at present. But if there are deaf "clerks of more than ninety, bent and broken" and have long "outworn their usefulness," the misfortune is attributed to old age or impaired health or to some other cause, not to the fact that they are deaf.—*North Dakota Banner*.

A contemporary gives the following advice to its delinquent subscribers: "If you have frequent fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy, and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well and liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription in advance, and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice." We pass the advice along for any of our subscribers who may have observed these symptoms, or any of them in themselves.

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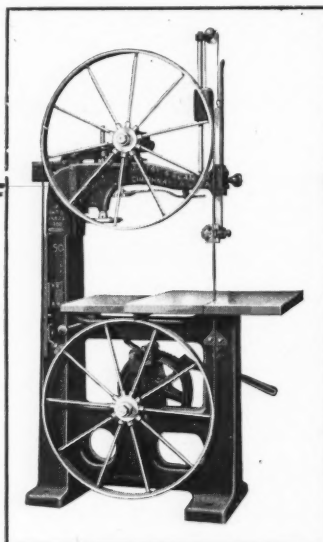
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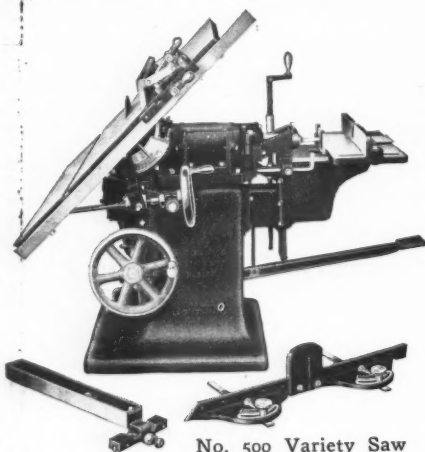
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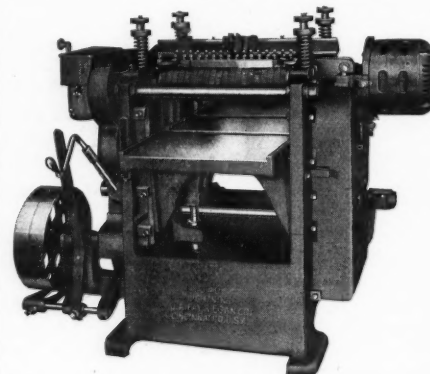


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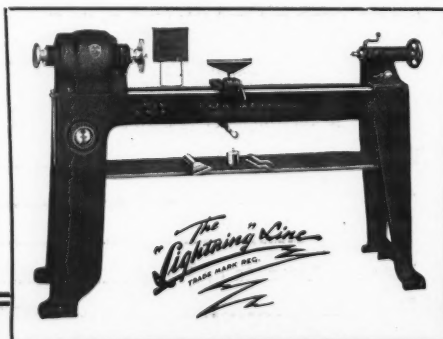
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